

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## A WELCOME.—O TEMPORA MUTANTER.

## A WELCOME.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

SEA-KING's daughter from over the sea,  
 Alexandra !

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
 Alexandra !

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet !  
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street !  
 Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
 Scatter the blossom under her feet !  
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !  
 Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers !  
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours !  
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !  
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers !  
 Flames, on the windy headland flare !  
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !  
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !  
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !  
 Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,  
 Alexandra !

Sea-king's daughter as happy as fair,  
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,  
 Oh, joy to the people and joy to the throne,  
 Come to us, love us, and make us your own :  
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,  
 Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,  
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,  
 Alexandra !

## OLD ALEXANDRIA.

A TRACT of Egyptian desert sand  
 Sweeping in undulating swells,  
 A low sea-beach without pebbles or shells,  
 Patches of meagre sunburnt grasses  
 Through which the sea-wind whirrs as it passes  
 Across the desolate strand.  
 Fragments of marble, gray and white,  
 Basalt like iron and black as night,  
 Rich red porphyry, and verd antique  
 And here and there the skull of a Greek  
 That crumbles to dust in your hand.

For when a fellow has need of stones  
 To make his miserable den,  
 He goes and robs the buried men ;  
 And in the great Necropolis  
 You often come on a deep abyss  
 In whose sides are many a broken tomb,  
 And if you peer into their inner gloom  
 You may see these dead men's bones.

Beneath a sandy shell-less shore  
 Lies scattered with fragments of masonry,  
 And marble pavements the Romans of yore  
 Spread out to make a dainty floor  
 For their baths in the tideless sea.

Like a dolphin in the throes of death  
 Those Mediterranean waters lie,  
 Dyed with violet, green, and blue,  
 Gold and amber and every hue,  
 By the angry evening sky.

Down from the lowering purple cloud,  
 Suddenly drops the scarlet sun,  
 And a scarlet flash from the evening gun,  
 And a burst of sluggish smoke, snow-white,  
 And a thunder sullen and loud  
 Come over the sea, and the day dies down  
 To his grave in the wave with an angry frown,  
 And I wander home through the night.

—All the Year Round.

## O TEMPORA MUTANTUR !

Yes, here, once more, a traveller,  
 I find the Angel Inn,  
 Where landlord, maids, and serving-men  
 Receive me with a grin :  
 They surely can't remember me,  
 My hair is gray and scantly ;  
 I'm changed, so changed since I was here—  
 "O tempora mutantur !"

The Angel's not much altered since  
 That sunny month of June,  
 Which brought me here with Pamela  
 To spend our honeymoon !  
 I recollect it down to e'en  
 The shape of this decanter,  
 —We've since been both much put about—  
 "O tempora mutantur !"

Ay, there's the clock, and looking-glass  
 Reflecting me again ;  
 She vowed her love was very fair—  
 I see I'm very plain.  
 And there's that daub of Prince Leboo :  
 'Twas Pamela's fond banter  
 To fancy it resembled me—  
 "O tempora mutantur !"

The curtains have been dyed ; but there,  
 Unbroken, is the same,  
 The very same cracked pane of glass  
 On which I scratched her name.  
 Yes, there's her tiny flourish still,  
 It used to so enchant her  
 To link two happy names in one—  
 "O tempora mutantur !"

\* \* \* \* \*  
 What brought this wanderer here, and why  
 Was Pamela away ?  
 It might be she had found her grave,  
 Or he had found her gay.  
 The fairest fade ; the best of men  
 May meet with a supplanter ;—  
 I wish the times would change their cry  
 Of "tempora mutantur."

—Locker's London Lyrics.

## ON CHARLOTTE NESS.

"SAY what is 'abstract,' what 'concrete' ?  
 Their difference define."  
 "They both in one fair person meet,  
 And that, dear maid, is thine."  
 "How so ? The riddle pray undo."  
 "I thus your wish express ;  
 For while I lovely Charlotte view,  
 I then view lovely-Ness."

From The Examiner.

*Verner's Pride.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," etc. In Three Volumes. Bradbury and Evans.

*Aurora Floyd.* By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." In Three Volumes. Tinsley Brothers.

THE slight but kindly recognition of weak cleverness—that is all the criticism due from us to novels by the authoress of "East Lynne," and the silence in which it would be kindness to pass over the crude, coarse, and prosaic tails of bigamy and murder by the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret," no longer fit the time when these writers have been forced—chiefly or altogether, we fear, by the misapplied laudations of a critic in the *Times*—into a popularity discreditable to the public taste. The popularity no doubt is artificial, largely made up of the applause of those who would be influenced in their judgment by announcements of tremendous success in an advertisement or street placard. Of Miss Braddon, the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret," newspapers have been telling us lately that she was a provincial actress, and a writer in *Reynolds's Miscellany*. For that journal her style and matter were, we can suppose, perfectly well suited. Her novels are of the school of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, literature of the kitchen as it used to be, and to give currency to them among educated readers without placing the name of Reynolds on a level with that of Sir Walter Scott, Miss Austen, or Mr. Dickens, is a gross injustice. How long, too, will society refuse to place the name of its Smith beside that of its Shakespeare? There is a Mr. Smith, whose works of fiction appear in penny weeklies not yet fashionable, and achieve an "immense success" among the class of readers whose coarse fare is now sought by the dainty. He has, we believe, more readers than Mr. Dickens. Why shall he not be fetched up out of the kitchen? A pleasant writer in one of the magazines this month pictures an exquisite gentleman to whom everything upon his daintily appointed breakfast table is uneatable. "Did you ever," asks his doctor, who is breakfasting with him, "try a red herring?" Here is a glorious idea, here is an absolutely new sensation to be got; the faithful serving-man is despatched immediately to Fortnum and Mason's for a red herring. He goes to a chan-

dlers' shop in a back alley to buy the herring, and his master eats the whole of it with utmost relish. There are some fastidious novel-readers to whom one of Miss Braddon's stories may have, in this way, the relish of a penny herring out of the back alley.

What is there to raise the novels of these ladies above mediocrity? Are they good in language, thought, or story? Good writing will often cover weakness of invention. Original thought will give a true charm even to a tale careless in diction and poor in plot. Or a well-contrived plot will make the fortune of a tale in which the writing is poor and all the thoughts are superficial. In all Mrs. Wood's novels the language is weak, sinning as nine average novels in ten do, but much more than is customary, against grammar, and, as the lady would say, "to a degree." We are very sure, also, that neither Mrs. Wood nor Miss Braddon, whose novels are coarser and worse than Mrs. Wood's, has achieved in any book one shrewd and original thought. At every turn of events that suggests reflection each lady punctually and exclusively provides her reader with the commonplace appointed for the occasion. The merit may lie, perhaps, in the far-fetched invention of their tales, in which they labor to be sensational. Here, however, to Mrs. Wood's especial credit be it said, one lady bases her fiction on a womanly notion of right, and shows a sense of delicacy that restrains her from the coarser imaginings of the sensation novelist. For this reason she is falling behind in the race. She cannot give her mind sufficiently to the painting of a true halo of bigamy and murder about the head of any heroine or hero. In this story of *Verner's Pride* Mrs. Wood doubtless begins well enough, as notions of a good beginning go, by mysteriously drowning a seduced girl in a pond, and raising a question of Who put her in? Four or five persons go through some part of the story with the now relishable game flavor of a taint of suspicion of murder on the reader's mind; and then, in the second volume, a first husband buried in Australia is so distinctly supposed to have re-appeared that the full relish of bigamy is given to a portion of the story. But the murder proves after all to have been no murder, a mere case of seduction and suicide, and the bigamy is wiped out after it had been carefully painted in. The re-appeared hus-

band proves to have been personated. If Mrs. Wood desires to run a race of popularity with Miss Braddon, there must be no baulking of the reader's appetite for bigamy and murder; there must be constant addition instead of diminution of the dose of cayenne in the literary curry. It is more than time that we had three husbands to embarrass any really interesting heroine. Lady Audley was glad to think she had got rid of her first by putting him down the well, and then only tried to rid herself of an inconvenient inquirer by burning him in his bed. But think of the shifts and perplexities of a wife with eight husbands, being not only mysteriously married like Aurora Floyd to her noble husband's horse-trainer, but also to the beadle of whose cane she is in dread, and also to the Emperor of China, who writes compromising letters by each mail, the more compromising as she is also secretly married to the postman, who is of a suspicious temper, and may open any letter addressed to her; also, under peculiar circumstances, to the giant of a show that is coming to be set up at a fair in the neighborhood; also to a maniac whom she keeps in the cellar, for which reason she alone carries the key of the cellar; and also to the rector of the parish, who believes her to be on a friendly visit at the grand house which must always be in the centre of the stories of this school. Medea Blenkinsop, or the Octogamist, or Pails of Blood—what a tale might be made of it! Think of the mere difficulty between two husbands, the squire and rector of the parish,—how to keep them from knowing that they both had the same wife? What floods of interesting lies the heroine would have to tell! This is the direction in which Mrs. Wood must travel if she is to retain her popularity, she must not think to make a sensation with mere make-believe bigamy. Let her study *Punch*, read in the profound pages of that philosopher the thrilling romance of "Mokeanna," and write something like that. We forget how many slops of fiction a sensation writer of the new school usually drops at a time, say three, then how delicious would be the exercise of ingenuity in threading the maze among three dozen or more husbands of three fair polygamist heroines. Before breakfast Medea Blenkinsop having, by great ingenuity, got her husband, the beadle, up in the belfry, stands below, pulls a rope, and crushes his

head with the clapper of the great bell. As the bone crushes between bell and clapper there is a muffled toll that strikes into the heart of every villager. Author going to breakfast upon devilled herring, leaves Mrs. Blenkinsop at the bell-rope, and coming back, resumes the midnight conversation in another story between the Black Rat-catcher and his wife, the Marchioness of Bloodybones, in Deadman's Lane. She was left on the point of paying him two thousand pounds to go away. "We are observed," says he. And authoress proceeds to bring a hunchback into the hedge, who picks the lady's pocket of her handkerchief, and after she has gone, with that handkerchief smothers the rat-catcher, leaving him with the marchioness's cipher and initials hanging out of his mouth. The author dines on pork pie and plum cake, and returns to the affairs of the third heroine, who has a will to forge before explaining in a soliloquy how the relentless hand of destiny has made her what she is, and she is more to be pitied than blamed for having married and poisoned twenty-seven of her lovers. He for whom she stealthily retires to sweeten a night-draught is the twenty-eighth; she will fly to sunny Italy to-morrow with the stable-boy.

We have not yet quite reached this perfection of sensation writing, but are fairly on the way to it. And now let us look to Mrs. Wood, who, with all her faults, is a writer more worth notice than Miss Braddon, for some illustrations of the sort of English that is suitable to a sensation novel. Verner's Pride is the name of a house, built by old Mr. Verner to replace another on the same estate that was "a high, narrow old thing." The old man had two sons, one his companion at home, the other, Colonel Sir Lionel, who had a boy at Eton. When the old man grew near to death Sir Lionel "was bade" get leave of absence if possible. But he also being dead, Verner's Pride was bequeathed to his brother, not to his son, the son of the eldest son, the youth at Eton, who becomes the hero of the story. The new master of Verner's Pride married "a widow lady of the name of Massingbird," who had two nearly grown-up sons, John and Frederick. These lived at Verner's Pride with young Lionel, the adopted son and natural heir of the property. It was Frederick Massingbird who seduced Rachel Frost; he is a sly villain with



a sensation mark upon his face, "a very strange-looking mark indeed, quite as large as a pigeon's egg, with what looked like radii shooting from it on all sides. Some of the villagers, talking familiarly among themselves, would call it a hedgehog, some would call it a porcupine, but it resembled a star as much as anything. That is, if you can imagine a black star. The mark was black as jet; and his pale face and the fact of his possessing no whiskers, made it all the more conspicuous."

This sort of portrait-painting is emphatic enough certainly, but to make it more so, the author gives Mr. Frederick a habit of gently rubbing his finger round and round the mark on his cheek. There is an emphatic way, too, of putting the effect of a discovery. "It electrified Deerham. It electrified Mrs. Verner. It worse than electrified Matthew Frost and Robin." By another incident "Lionel, Mrs. Verner, Jan, and Sir Rufus Hautley were petrified." There is an emphatic ordering of words, too, with which Mrs. Wood produces comical effects. In this manner, it is not written "she sat down on a chair," but it is written "down on a chair sat she." Or, "One laid hold of his head, another of his feet; but make nothing of him could they;" or, "it caused quite a confusion, the entrance of Dr. West." Dislocation of the limbs of sentences, with full stops fired like bullets into them, is another way of bringing readers up with a mild jerk. Mrs. Verner "was rather addicted to dropping asleep with her last glass of wine, and waking up with the tea-tray. As she did on this evening." "Lucy noticed that he had left the parchment behind him, and ran after him with it. Catching him as he was about to close the hall-door." Here Mrs. Wood is comically solemn with a semicolon: After a wedding breakfast, "Sir Edmund and Lady Hautley had left then; but those who remained wanted some dinner; and had it." We first see John Massingbird in his brother's presence preparing for a journey to Australia, stowing his litter into the boxes "not all sixes and sevens, like it looked as it lay, but compactly and artistically." "He was the best-looking of the two." Mrs. Wood's misuse of the word "like" is habitual. We read of "a heavy groan born of displeasure, mingled with pain, like the greeting look had been." Here are two blunders in one sen-

tence, "Suddenly he went straight up to Frederick Massingbird's chamber, who was deep in the business of packing, like his unfortunate brother John had been, not two short years before." Jan smelt Lionel's medicine, "then he tasted it, apparently with great gusto, like anybody else might taste port wine. . . . And finally, Jan poured the lot down his own throat." Lionel, "like many another has done before him, suffered a moment's impassioned impulse to fix the destiny of a life." The two conductors of a painted donkey "were muffled up, as befitted the inclemency of the night, something like their voices appeared to have been."

No detached evidence of the slipslop of Mrs. Wood's style (and "East Lynne" was in this respect worse, not better, than "Verner's Pride") will convey to one who has not read the book itself the impression of ill-written English that every page of her writing gives, even when it contains no technical faults. Lionel Verner comes in "for the tail of the dinner;" John "set on to spend his portion as fast as he could;" "To be sometime the mistress of Verner's Pride was a very vista of desire." Mrs. Wood has some such notion of the meaning of a vista as we might expect from a lady who blends direct vulgarity with the indirect vulgarity in use of fine phrases common among the uneducated. From Lionel to Lady Verner a hint is "sufficient to induce her to preserve reticence." What is in a small house too narrow to be called a hall, Mrs. Wood calls not a passage but a "vestibule." Pretty Mrs. Massingbird, showing her face unexpectedly to Lionel, "For one single moment Lionel was lost in the beauty of the vista." In connection with a country doctor we have a new use of the word auspices. "Jan's window being, as you may remember, nearly on a level with the ground, presented favorable auspices for holding a face-to-face colloquy with night-visitors."

When does Mrs. Wood think that a man is not a being? "Jan went on like a steam-engine. Lionel remained, standing at his entrance gate, more like a prostrate being than a living man." A rough soldier, Captain Cannonby, who has tossed about the world, and who speaks of his brother the doctor, making "a sight of money," tells of the death in his presence of Frederick Massing-

bird in Australia. "He died at early dawn, just as the sun burst out to illumine the heavens." Lionel, on one of the occasions of his being dislodged from Verner's Pride, would study law-books, and, says the fair authoress, "Awfully dry work he found it; not in the least congenial; and many a time did he long to pitch the whole lot," etc. Beyond Mrs. Duff's shop you "come upon an opening on the left hand, which led to quite a swarm of cottages." Mrs. Verner was "put to shifts by the bailiff's death." "You ascertained no certain news of John Massingbird, I hear," observed Lady Verner. "Sibylla also knew, and she read arightly, the drooping of their faces." Of a number of women it is said that "they, to hear them talk, would rather have enjoyed an encounter *solus* with the ghost than not." "Roy spoke unusually impressive for him." Lucy says to Lionel, "Mr. Cust had used to tell us." Jan the surgeon says of Sibylla's temper, "You remember how it had used to be with her at home." Sibylla is thought weak in the chest. "Not more weak than I had used to be," she answers. Lionel says, "I cannot reconcile it to my conscience, mother, to remain on here." His mother says, "You will give up this London scheme, will you not, and remain on elsewhere?" "Lionel declined the grog, but he remained on, talking things over." Afterwards "John Massingbird remained on with him, his guest." Eat stands for ate. "We had a beautiful piece of roast beef; and I'm sure you eat as much as you chose." "Dr. West had accepted a cup of coffee. He kept it in his hand, sipping it now and then, and slowly eat a biscuit." "Night-fogs are pernicious to a degree," says this physician. John Massingbird spoke to the doctor "with his mouth full of devilled kidneys," and "could not by any manner of means be induced" to take his hints. But the rough John, with diggers' habits, usually says, "deemed" for thought, and of his smoking in bed, says, "Tynn lives in perpetual torment lest my bed should ignite some night." Lucy "eat with her head a little bent, scenting her verberna." Lucy, the refined and educated heroine, warns Lionel against a danger, saying, "I know you will not see it for yourself, and that is the reason why I am presumptive enough to suggest the idea to you." For which consideration, we are told directly afterwards,

Lionel "could not help pressing her hand warmer than was needful as he placed her in the carriage."

In despair over her own grammar Mrs. Wood uses pronouns in place of nouns, and adds the nouns lest the pronouns should point in the wrong direction. "Decima went indoors for some string to tie up a fuchsia plant just as she, Tynn, appeared at the iron gates." "They, the women, gathered together and pressed into Peckaby's shop." "He, Mr. Eyre, had said that Luke——." "He, Jan, went home, told Miss Deb the news," etc. "Jan had left himself as void of cash as he, Lionel, was." "A fancy arose to Lucy that she, Decima, had turned unusually pale." "He, Dr. Hayes, entered the room." "The doctor could either come back and resume practice in person, or take a partner in place of him, Jan." . . . "He had a shrewd suspicion that, the house divided, his, Dr. West's, would stand but a poor chance against Jan Verner's."

A verb is rarely allowed to a sentence that describes a person, and the omission is too evidently meant to give the effect of fine writing. "A very pleasant-looking girl, fair, with a peach-bloom upon her cheeks, dark brown hair, and eyes soft and brown and luminous." A formidable looking chair, large and stately, as Lucy turned to look at it." These descriptions are dropped in sometimes with random haste. A Mr. Bitterworth is described on one page as "a little man with a pimpled face," on the very next page we read of his "hale old face."

An offensive seizing of the reader by the button for a jerk of personal address is part of the bad taste of the writer. We have such sentences as, "The old study that you have seen before." "You have now seen him do so once again." Of some dress of the heroine's,— "You saw her in it the evening she first came to Lady Verner's." Fat Mrs. Verner couldn't be made to walk,— "You may have met with some such case in your own experience." "It was a young gentleman whom you have had the pleasure of meeting before—Master Dan Duff." Lady Verner "would have gone on foot to visit the Countess of Elmsley and Lady Mary; but not Sibylla. You can understand the distinction." "You once saw the chamber of John Massingbird in this same house, in a tolerable litter." Somebody "might be going dead."

“As you will find also if you will make an evening call upon Mrs. Duff.” “Luke—if you have not forgotten—had said to Mr. Eyre,” and so forth.

Like all who speak or write bad grammar, Mrs. Wood affects to be critical. She describes the servant Rachel who was drowned in the pond as “refined as any lady, and her manners and speech would not have destroyed the illusion.” So when she visits her father in his cottage Rachel says, “Do not fear that I came clandestinely—or, as our servants would say, on the sly.” When Brother Jarrum the Mormon speaks of “uncredible reports,” Mrs. Wood, with her superior purity of speech, tells us that “Brother Jarrum probably intended to say ‘unaccredited;’” and when Deborah West says “It’s only me,” Mrs. Wood thinks it necessary to observe that she “did not at all times confine herself to the rules of severe grammar.”

We have cited example enough to make it clear that Mrs. Wood’s novels are not to be read for any charm of style. The depth of her reflective power is to be measured by such original sentiment as this: “It is the silent sorrow that eats into the heart; the loud grief does not tell upon it.” Or this, which may appear lovely to the cooks and nursemaids whose taste is now leading a fashion in the world of fiction.

“There was no mistake about it. Lucy had grown to love Lionel Verner. How she loved him, esteemed him, venerated him, none, save her own heart, could tell. Her days had been as one long dream of Eden. The very aspect of the world had changed: the blue sky, the soft breathing wind, the scent of the budding flowers, had spoken a language to her, never before learned: ‘Rejoice in us, for we are lovely!’ It was the strange bliss in her own heart that threw its rose hues over the face of nature, the sweet, mysterious rapture arising from love’s first dream, which can never be described by mortal pen; and never while it lasts, can be spoken of by living tongue. *While it lasts.* It never does last. It is the one sole ecstatic phase of life, the solitary romance stealing in once, and but once, amidst the world’s hard realities; the ‘fire filched for us from heaven.’ Has it to arise yet for you—you, who read this? Do not trust it when it comes, for it will be fleeting as a summer cloud. Enjoy it, revel in it while you hold it; it will lift you out of earth’s clay and earth’s evil, with its angel wings; but trust not to its remaining; even while you are saying, ‘I will make it mine forever,’ it is gone. It had gone for Lucy Tempest. And, oh! better for her, perhaps, that it should go: better, perhaps, for all: for if that sweet glimpse of paradise could take up its abode permanently in the heart, we should never look, or wish, or pray for that better Paradise which has to come hereafter.

**NEW BAROMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS.**—Lately a large barometer has been erected in the National Astronomical Observatory of Santiago de Chile. By this instrument has been observed a singular phenomenon new to science. We know, particularly through the observations of Humboldt, that the barometer rises and falls during the day in a peculiar manner, being at its maximum height at 10 A.M. and at 10 P.M., whilst the lowest readings are between 4 P.M. and 4 A.M. The regularity of this periodical movement within the tropics is such during the year, that Humboldt could tell the time within fifteen minutes. This movement has been observed with much regularity in Santiago de Chile during the winter and summer months; but in the month of February the movement entirely ceases, showing then only the ordinary maximum and minimum heights in the twenty-four hours. Senor Moesta has tried to explain this occurrence, and has demonstrated mathematically that the oscillatory movement of the barometer is produced by the sun’s power, analogous to that of gravitation, and that the said movement ought to disappear in the month of February in consequence of the great variation

of temperature during the course of the day. Thus the interesting result has been arrived at, that by virtue of the sun’s power a movement is manifested in the atmosphere analogous to the action of the tides; and it is this that causes the rise and fall of the barometrical column in Santiago, about “1.3 of a millimetre.” This force exercised by the sun cannot be what is generally known as that of attraction; but it is the same electric force which causes the diurnal variations of the magnetic compass, and the same that produces such visible changes in the forms of comets whenever they approach the vicinity of the sun.—*Comercio de Lima*, 8 Jan., 1863.

“I HAVE been renowned in battle; but I never told my name to a foe.”—*OSSIAN, Carthon*.

This would perhaps have revealed some ancestral friendship, and so have prevented the encounter. This was the old Caledonian hero’s reason for silence. There may be, and doubtless are, admirable reasons for anonymous censure and criticism; but we have often more modern reasons for not telling our name to a foe.

From Chambers's Journal.

## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

It is strange to observe for how many centuries the powers of human invention remain passive in any particular direction, and then suddenly leap into activity. For nearly eighteen hundred years after the Christian era, no substantial improvement was made in the principle of the primitive lamp composed of a wick amidst grease. The outward form and substance of the receptacle which held the oil might be altered for the better, but the illuminating power was not increased. The bronze lamps of Egypt, and especially those discovered in the excavations of Pompeii, are so beautiful in shape, that we can originate nothing to excel them, and are content to copy their elegance; but in principle they show no signs of advance from the earliest period. They yielded a poor feeble light, and emitted a rank, offensive odor, inasmuch that the proverb applied to an author's manuscript, *Lucernam olet*, "it smells of the lamp," had a practical significance, which we of the present day can scarcely appreciate.

Before advertent to modern improvements, let us turn to the latter part of the eighteenth century, and see what were the systems of artificial lighting then in vogue. Practically speaking, there were only four descriptions of illuminating *media*; the common dip candle for the poor, the mould candle for the middle classes, the wax candle for the rich, and the oil-lamp, fed with fish oil, for the street and staircase.

The constant necessity for snuffing tallow candles, owing to the imperfect combustion of their inflammable substance, was the great drawback to their use. The fact was, that the wick pumped up more tallow than the air surrounding the flame could consume, hence the centre of the flame presented a dull, smoky appearance, and the wick became incrustated with a fungous head, which impeded and obscured the light. In the year 1799, an invention was patented for superseding snuffing. The candle resembled a common candle, except that it possessed no internal wick. In place of this, a short wick was fixed at the upper extremity, fitted in a metallic collar, which, as the candle slowly consumed, descended with it. The plan proved a failure, for the unconsumed carbonaceous matter gathered on the wick, and obscured the light as much as ever. The idea was in itself feasible

enough; its ill success was entirely owing to the impure substance of which candles were at that period composed.

But while inventors were racking their brains over these apparently trifling matters, a new illuminating agent was arising, which threatened at the time to extinguish candles forever. The history of gas has been often told: let us despatch it in a few sentences.

In 1792, Murdoch lighted his house and offices at Redruth, in Cornwall, with coal-gas. In 1798, he applied his invention to the workshops of Boulton and Watt, the engineers. For some years, however, the progress of gas was impeded by the foul mephitic odors which it emitted. These were removed to a great extent by Mr. Clegg, who, in 1807, freed the gas from sulphuretted hydrogen and other impurities by passing it through lime-water. In 1810, Mr. Winsor, of luckless celebrity, put up a few gas-lamps in Pall Mall. In 1814, the authorities of St. Margaret's, Westminster, substituted gas for oil throughout the parish. By degrees, nearly all London imitated the example; and in 1820, Paris removed her old swinging lamps—the irons of which had vibrated with the suspended body of many a counter-revolutionist—and proceeded to adopt the new system. Old-fashioned Grosvenor Square clung to her oil-lamps as late as 1842. We may add, that gas-burners are constructed in three ways: the simple jet, formed by a pin-hole in an iron nipple; the batwing, which is a slit in a nipple, causing the flame to spread like a fan; and the argand, where a number of small holes are drilled in a circular plate. The batwing principle, which is applied so effectively to our street-lamps, was discovered by mere accident.

If the whales and other members of the cetaceous tribe are gifted with the power of ascertaining what is being done on shore, they must have rejoiced greatly over the discovery of gas. "Man," they must have said, "that greedy and rapacious tyrant, will no longer come to hunt us down. Instead of being driven into the frozen and inhospitable regions of the pole, we shall be permitted to return to our natural *habitat*, the temperate zones, and there once more attain that gigantic and so-called fabulous size which is in reality our legitimate stature." So might these good innocent whales have spoken; but, alas! their anticipations have been cru-



ely falsified. When railways were initiated, it was prophesied that in twenty years scarcely a horse would be found in the United Kingdom, excepting for pleasure purposes; so when gas was discovered, oil was to be utterly superseded. But experience has proved that horses are more numerous and in greater demand than ever; while fish-oil, in spite of the millions of cubic feet of gas annually burned, and the various other illuminating agents lately discovered, retains its full value, and is supplied in still greater abundance than heretofore. We fear that the world is too selfish, too unheeding of the welfare of posterity to carry out the project of the benevolent French philosopher, who has recommended us to give up the chase of the whale for two hundred years, in order to allow them to regain their former numbers and pristine size.

There can be no doubt, however, that oil would have yielded to the superior brilliancy of gas had no improvement taken place in its illuminating power. People had only to compare the miserable, old, blinking street-lamps, which yielded just sufficient light to enable footpads to distinguish their victims, with the bright daylight splendor of Winsor's carburetted hydrogen. Let us see how oil contrived to maintain its ascendancy.

In the reign of Louis XV., under the patronage of Monsieur de Sartines, the celebrated minister of police, one Langrin introduced reflector-lamps. This was a great improvement, but still an improvement external to the lamp itself, which remained essentially unaltered since the days of Pericles. Years passed away, the eighteenth century was drawing to a close—the first moanings of the great revolutionary storm begun to be heard, when Argand appeared. Does this sound like an anti-climax? Does it seem of the nature of bathos to conclude a sentence so sonorously begun with this comparatively obscure name? We think not, for Argand was a great benefactor to mankind. Every evening, as we sit in our brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms, we have reason to bless his name. What substantial benefit have Napoleon's marshals with all their long-sounding titles conferred on France, compared with this poor Swiss chemist?

Argand, who had settled in Paris, was determined to solve the problem to which we have above adverted. *Why should a larger*

*wick proportionately decrease the brilliancy of the light?* He worked at this for years. Instead of one large wick, he set a number of small wicks in a row. The effect was to diminish the smoke, but the lamp emitted a very feeble radiance. He then set the wicks in a circle, admitting the air from below, so that a current of air would flow into the centre of the flame. The lamp now burned somewhat brighter, but not as Argand hoped it would burn. The current of air did not flow upwards quick enough; there was no draught. The poor inventor was in despair. Let us conclude the narrative in the words of his younger brother: "My brother had long been trying to bring his lamp to bear. A broken-off neck of a flask was lying on the chimney-piece, I happened to reach it over to the table, and to place it over the circular flame of the lamp, immediately the flame rose with brilliancy. My brother started from his seat with ecstasy, rushed upon me in a transport of joy, and embraced me with rapture." We envy Argand the delight of that moment, and doubt if Napoleon, after the battle of Marengo, felt a purer joy.

This discovery took place in 1787. Argand obtained a patent from the king, and hoped to make his fortune; but he soon became highly unpopular. In 1789, he was persecuted by the timmen, locksmiths, and ironmongers, who were excluded by the patent from participation in the new lamp-trade. They could not bear to see an interloper, who had never been bred to the craft, exercising their business. Then one Lange started up, claiming the invention. While he and Argand were disputing the point, the timmen petitioned the assembly to annul the patent, alleging with some show of logic that as both claimed the merit of discovery, it was really due to neither. At last came the terrible 10th of August, sweeping away the king and all royal monopolies. Argand was accused of incivism, or some other mysterious counter-revolutionary crime, and fled to England. Here he fared little better; his invention was appreciated, but hosts of pretenders rose up to share its pecuniary advantages. In France, one Quinquet got the entire credit of the new lamp, which was called after his name, reminding us, says Argand's French biographer, of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci. Eventually the unfortunate chemist died in penury at Geneva, in 1803. We learn that



in his later years he dabbled in astrology, and fancied that he had discovered the elixir of life; disappointment had probably affected his brain.

A hollow wick, fed by a current of air drawn upwards by a glass chimney, will yield a brilliant, smokeless light. Such was Argand's discovery; and it has been the parent of all subsequent improvements. In England, at any rate, we have had the honesty to put the saddle on the right horse; we have called the lamp after his name, and the word "Argand" is at the present day applied to all contrivances for increasing the intensity of light by a judicious application of air-holes. As a journal of the period remarks, the common lamp was comparable to a fire lighted in the open air, while Argand's lamp was like a fire in a furnace. The practical conveniences of this discovery were very great. Before Argand's time, watchmakers, engravers, and all artisans requiring a steady bright light, had been obliged to cease work at sunset; they were now enabled to continue their labors by night as well as by day.

During the present century, the attention of inventors has been principally directed to two points: first, improvements in the apparatus for consuming the oil; secondly, the discovery of new illuminating agents. In both they have been eminently successful. With regard to improvements in the lamps themselves, the makers have had two difficulties to encounter—the tendency of the oil to thicken in cold weather, and the imperfection of the means adopted to keep the wick well moistened with oil up to the verge of the flame. For the former of these obstacles, various plans more or less feasible have been devised. The oil has been artificially heated by means of an inner lamp introduced below. The awkwardness of this arrangement led to its abandonment. In the Solar lamp, the oil is contained in a circular chamber, raised above the level of the wick, from which the oil flows through two tubes. This plan compels the adoption of a large lamp-shade, which throws a considerable shadow on the table. These lamps, from their handsome appearance, are still much used in large drawing-rooms, and the shadow is obviated by an arrangement of reflectors. Lastly, the oil has been contained in a chamber immediately surrounding the flame, as in Parker's hot-oil lamp, which is stated by

practical judges to yield a more brilliant light in proportion to cost than any other contrivance. The Carcel lamp kept the oil heated, and the wick well moistened, by an elaborate arrangement of clock-work, but possessed the fatal defect of being easily disarranged. The Moderator lamp, which achieves the same end, is far simpler and more easily managed. A handle is turned communicating with a piston, the rising of which occasions the pressure of a coiled spring. This pressure causes the oil to be forced upwards through a central tube, thoroughly saturating the wick, while the surplus quantity trickles into a receiver below. We may add, that the light afforded by the moderator lamp has lately been greatly increased by the addition of an outer chimney glass, shaped like a dome, with a circular hole cut in the top. This second glass quickens the draught of air up the central tube, and causes a solid body of brilliant flame to rise to the height of four or five inches.

With regard to the discovery of new illuminating agents, fish oil is almost totally discarded for domestic purposes, being superseded to a great extent by the colza or rapeseed oil, which is used in all moderator lamps. Some years ago, camphine or spirit of turpentine (obtained chiefly from the pine forests of North Carolina), was extensively patronized; but it was subject to some serious drawbacks: the spirit was highly inflammable, and liable to explode; besides, as many housewives will remember, the Camphine lamps were apt, without warning, to emit a shower of greasy, ill-smelling particles of carbon, commonly called "blacks."

Next comes Paraffine, which is free from some of the disadvantages of camphine, yields a brilliant white light, and is cheaper than any other illuminating agent, gas excepted. Still it is not faultless: the smell of the oil is exceedingly offensive, though, when properly managed, it emits no odor during combustion; but what is more serious, it has been known to explode and cause fatal accidents. The proprietors of the patent paraffine state that this can only occur with inferior imitations; we trust it may be so. Our own impression is, that if the oil in the reservoir of the lamp become extraordinarily heated (a contingency very unlikely to occur), it would be volatilized into a highly explosive gas. It would be dangerous, therefore, to use paraffine in a

moderator lamp, where, as we have shown, the oil is heated before reaching the flame; otherwise paraffine is as harmless as oil. A piece of paper dipped in it will burn brilliantly, but the liquid itself is unflammable.

The name paraffine is derived from *parum affinis*, "having little affinity," on account of its resistance to chemical action. The oil is chiefly obtained from bituminous coal distilled at a low red heat. If a higher temperature were employed, the elements would be gas and naphthaline. The knowledge of this fact some years ago decided a Chancery suit in favor of the present patentees, as it was proved that they were the first persons who had recognized the principle of the necessity of a low temperature for its production.

Besides these artificially prepared oils, we have natural oil-springs in various parts of the world, especially in Burmah, Canada, and the United States. The produce of the American wells has now become an important article of commerce, inasmuch that numerous vessels are employed for this special purpose; the odor of the oil being so penetrating, that all other cargo—timber perhaps excepted—would be effectually damaged. It is singular that so many years were suffered to elapse since the discovery of these oil-springs, before any use was made of their product. We read in the *Annual Register* for 1859, that some men were boring for salt water at Cumberland River, Kentucky, when a vein of pure oil welled out. This oil was traceable in the water five hundred miles below the point of entrance; while near the spot, the boys set fire to it as it floated down, causing a sheet of flame to illuminate the banks of the river for an immense distance.

The manufacture of candles has also been greatly improved by chemical invention, by the discovery of hitherto neglected natural products, and by novel arrangements for consuming the wick.

Some years ago, a French chemist observed that bodies of persons deposited in the catacombs occasionally became converted into a peculiar waxlike substance, which he termed *adipocere*. This discovery led to experiments which resulted in the invention of stearine. The fat of tallow was found to be separable from the oil; and the former substance or stearine, which is free from the greasiness, the unpleasant odor, and tendency to liquefaction of common tallow, is now extensively

used in the manufacture of candles, especially those intended for export to warm climates. In former days, a merchant would as soon have thought of exporting a case of skates to Calcutta, as a cargo of tallow candles; they would have all melted on the Line into an indistinguishable mass; now the patent composite candles are used in all intertropical regions where Europeans are to be found. Besides stearine, palm oil, which is solid in our climate, though liquid in its native Africa, is largely converted into candles; while the combustion of the wick is so perfectly attained, that the manufacture of snuffers has greatly diminished. The wicks are sometimes twisted so that the component parts bend out to the hottest parts of the flame as they burn: sometimes they are plaited on a wire, which is afterwards withdrawn to leave a free space for the capillary attraction of the melted tallow. But this complete combustion is in a great measure due to the superior nature of the fatty substances employed, for no contrivance has been hitherto discovered to obviate snuffing the common tallow candle.

Great as are the improvements which we have thus rapidly enumerated,—we have omitted all mention of the Bude and oxy-hydrogen lights, as being foreign to the subject of domestic illumination,—there is still much to be done to render indoor artificial lighting perfect. We have now-a-days plenty of cheap and brilliant light: it is doubtful whether we do not pay the penalty of weakened eyesight and disordered health in return for the advantage.

In this respect, coal-gas is the greatest offender. Besides unduly heating the air of the apartment, it is stated by Professor Faraday that an ordinary argand burner in a closed shop-window will produce in four hours two and a half pints of aqueous vapor, while, for every cubic foot of gas consumed, a cubic foot of carbonic acid is generated. The condensed steam injures everything it touches, as is well known to artists and librarians, while the carbonic gas is nothing more nor less than deadly poison.

The brilliantly lighted shops which ornament our thoroughfares are thus little better than whitened sepulchres, as the pallid faces of their tenants too often attest. Professor Faraday recommends that each burner should be provided with an outer chimney fitted over the inner one, the whole being covered with

a piece of tale. The noxious vapors being thus prevented from escaping at the top, pass down between the chimneys, and are carried away by a tube to any convenient outlet. The results of this operation are a brighter light, and incomparably cooler and fresher air. Surely, the proprietors of some of our larger retail establishments might adopt this or a similar system. They would not only gain in health, but in custom. The fair sex would naturally patronize the well-ventilated place of business.

Gas is so much cheaper than all other illuminating agents—"a pennyworth of gas," says Dr. Fyfe, "giving light of equal intensity to half a crown's worth of composition candles"—that it is likely to be more and more used for domestic purposes. In the north of England and Scotland, where the gas is somewhat purer than that produced in London, it has almost superseded candles. Some months since, an accident happened at the gas-works in a certain northern town, which left the place for several hours in darkness. It was ludicrous to observe the household derangement which took place. Many families possessed neither lamps nor candlesticks, nor could the ironmongers meet the sudden demand, so utterly dependent were the inhabitants on the invisible agent.

Since gas, then, is becoming such an ordinary household servant, we would impress on our readers the importance of providing for

the removal of the noxious products of combustion. We must bear in mind that nothing in this world ceases to exist chemically, that matter merely suffers a change, and that gas, following the universal law, is, when burned, simply turned into something else. That something we have shown to be highly injurious to health. We would therefore counsel our readers (especially those who may be introducing gas into their houses for the first time), to take advantage of the latest improvements in this direction. The expenditure of a few extra shillings on each burner will not be regretted, even as concerns the saving to books, pictures, and furniture; still less will it be regretted when it tends to preserve the eyesight, and to improve the general health.

We are so prone to abuse God's good gifts, that unless some such improvements are adopted, the discoveries of the last eighty years may be found to have lessened rather than heightened the general happiness of mankind. A watchmaker of 1780, who was compelled to leave off work when it grew dark, might earn less wages, but was probably a healthier man than his modern representative. The improvements in artificial lighting have tended to make us habitually keep later hours—let us bear in mind that for purity, brilliancy, and cheapness, there is, after all, no light comparable to the light of day.

THE gun-cotton experiments for artillery purposes carried on by the Austrian Government have, we are informed, arrived at a successful conclusion. Rumors to the contrary have been spread from time to time; but these, it appears, were prompted by diplomatic reasons. A commission sent to Vienna by our War Department to inquire into the facts were courteously entertained and allowed to gather information; but the information placed in their way was, as we hear, fallacious—the essential conditions of the manufacture of gun-cotton were not communicated. So we are to experiment and find out for ourselves; and, as a beginning, a committee of members of the British Association, including chemists, artillerymen, and metal-workers have met to arrange a plan of proceeding. The objection to the use of gun-cotton, as hitherto known in this country, is that it explodes at a very low temperature, and all at once, whereby its force is lost before it can be communicated to the ball or projectile. Gunpowder, when ignited, requires a small interval of time to pass through the charge, and consequently expends its whole force in giv-

ing an impetus to the ball in the direction in which it is required to travel. Gun-cotton wastes its strength in all directions, and injures the gun. The Austrians, however, have discovered a way of rendering it as efficient as gunpowder; and, at the same time, by mixing iron, copper, and spelter in certain proportions, they produce a gun-metal tougher than any yet invented. In one particular there would be economy in the use of gun-cotton, as a less weight would be required for service than of gunpowder, which is no trifling consideration in providing for a fleet or army. Whether the manufacture will cost less is a question which can be answered only when the committee above referred to shall have completed their experiments.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A BISHOP there was of Natal,  
Who took a Zulu for his pal,  
Said the savage, "Look here!  
Aint the Pentateuch queer?"  
Which converted my Lord of Natal.

## PRINCES OF WALES.

## PART II.

## III.—1376.—RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.

As this prince was only nine years old at the death of his father, the Black Prince, and only ten when he succeeded his grandfather, Edward III., on the throne, we have but a few words to say respecting him. He was born at Bordeaux, on the 6th of January, 1367, just as his father was about to set forth on his unfortunate Spanish campaign. James, King of Majorca, and Charles, King of Navarre, were then visitors at the Black Prince's court, and the former of these, together with Richard, Bishop of Agen, after whom the child was named, stood sponsors for him. After the death of his elder brother, Edward, the hopes of the people of England rested on him; and his great beauty added to this feeling of enthusiasm, while his real character, habitually indolent and self-indulgent, with intervals of spasmodic activity, and resembling that of King John more than any of our kings, was not yet known or foreseen. After his father's death the House of Commons went so far as to petition the Lords to admit the young prince among them as Prince of Wales; but the Lords replied that the king alone had the power of taking the initiative in this matter. Still the Duke of Lancaster was obliged so far to yield to the popular feeling as to allow the king to make the creation, as well as those of Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester, by charter of the 20th November following. On Christmas-day in that year young Richard sat next his grandfather and before all his uncles at a grand banquet, and on a Sunday in the following February one hundred and thirty "prime citizens" of London rode down, splendidly attired as mummers, with bands of music, to Kennington, where Richard and his mother resided, and offered their congratulations on the prospect of his speedy succession—making at the same time munificent gifts in money and articles of gold. This was probably meant as a demonstration against Lancaster. On the 21st of June following their wishes were fulfilled, to their own bitter cost. We should add that in the twenty-first year of Richard's reign the Earldom of Chester was erected into a principality, and in accordance with the new limitations has ever since been granted in conjunction with the principality of Wales.

## IV.—1399.—HENRY OF MONMOUTH.

Ten years had passed from the accession of Richard II., when, on the 9th of August, 1387, Mary of Bohun, the wife of Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, eldest son of John of Gaunt, gave birth in the castle of Monmouth to an heir to the house of Lancaster. He was sent, it is said, at the early age of eleven, to Queen's College, Oxford, of which his uncle, afterwards Cardinal Beaufort (a son of John of Gaunt by Catherine Swinford), was chancellor. But his name does not appear on the books, and he probably was only under the care and training of his learned and astute relative. Then came the celebrated challenge between Henry Bolingbroke and Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, which gave King Richard an opportunity of banishing the former for ten years, the latter for life, with confiscation of his property. The king soon remitted Bolingbroke's sentence to four years, but on the death of John of Gaunt, in February, 1399, the king seized the property of the house of Lancaster, and made Bolingbroke's sentence the same as Norfolk's. Young Henry of Monmouth was placed under slight restraint and kept near the king's person, who, however, treated him and another captive nephew, Humphrey, son of the late Duke of Gloucester, with much kindness. This treatment appears to have made a very favorable lasting impression on young Henry. The king, when he set out for Ireland, carried Henry and Humphrey with him, landing with them at Waterford, and marching through a wild and thickly wooded country, against an equally wild body of three thousand Irish, who were entrenched in the woods, under MacMurchard, their titular king. Unable to penetrate to them, King Richard fired the woods and villages, and by their blazing light he, on Midsummer Eve, 1399, knighted young Henry, addressing him in these words: "My fair cousin, henceforth be gallant and bold; for unless you conquer you will have little name for valor!" The king soon after left county Waterford for Dublin, where a gay court was held, interrupted by the news of the landing of Henry Bolingbroke in England and the rapid progress of his arms. Richard, after addressing young Henry in terms of commiseration for the probable loss of his inheritance through the treason of his father, and receiving from him assurances of his own



innocence in the matter, left the two young princes under restraint in Trym Castle, and sailed for England to encounter his melancholy destiny. On the deposition of Richard and election of Henry Bolingbroke as king, the latter's eldest son, of course, was released from his Irish prison, and returned to London, where, on the 15th of October in the same year, he was created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester, in full Parliament, and was invested with the principality and duchy, together with the counties of Chester and Flint, "to him and his heirs, kings of England," by charters of the same date. He was also declared Duke of Aquitaine and Lancaster in Parliament the day following. We gather from the accounts of contemporaries that during these early years Prince Henry had acquired a great taste for, and attained to considerable proficiency in learning. He loved books and learned men, and he delighted in music as much as the luckless Edward of Caernarvon—another tribute to the air of Wales, in which Monmouth was then included. But he had other tastes and abilities; and the state of the kingdom required all the united energies of father and son to maintain the house of Lancaster on the throne. Rebellion after rebellion—first in favor of the real Richard, and then, after his death, in favor of *pseudo* Richards, shook the throne of Bolingbroke. The Welsh, who chose to make Richard's quarrel their own, were in full rebellion; and against them their own titular prince marched in the spring of 1401, as the nominal head of a powerful army. The prince's forces burnt and plundered, and marched up and down the land, but could not find Owen Glendower, the redoubtable Welsh chief, and scarcely any of his men. On the back of this fruitless warfare came the great rebellion of the Percies, which culminated in the battle of Shrewsbury, fought on July 21, 1403. In that desperate charge of Hotspur, when the royal standard sank and rose again three times, and the flower of the royal army fell fighting around it, while one arrow put an end to the life of the gallant rebel, another wounded the young Prince of Wales, then barely sixteen years of age, and in the thick of the battle. The prince afterwards presided at the "Commission of Mercy" held at Worcester, for pardoning those rebels who

might submit. He then returned to his Welsh campaigns, and at length, on the 11th of March, 1405, succeeded in bringing eight thousand of the enemy to a pitched engagement at Grosmont, with very inferior forces. The Welsh were completely routed, one thousand slain, and the heart of the rebellion broken. "Very true it is," wrote the prince, "that victory is not to a multitude of people, but in the power of God." The king, in reward, bestowed on him the castle and estates of Framlingham. In 1407, he made a successful expedition into Scotland, and the next year, having completed his work in Wales, finally quitted that principality. He came to London, where the king gave him a mansion at Coldharbor, near Eastcheap. He was made President of the Council in 1409, and in the years 1410 and 1411 Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of Dover, and Captain of Calais, besides receiving a revenue out of the duties on skins and wools.

The rolls of Parliament afford us ample proofs that during these last years of his father's reign the prince took a most active part in the government. Henry Bolingbroke at this period had been stricken with leprosy, and suffered much from epileptic fits. He was, therefore, secluded from public sight, and often from public business, which drifted into the hands of his clever and energetic son, to whom foreign princes and foreign ambassadors addressed themselves as if he had been the reigning sovereign. From the time when he first took part in the administration we have repeated entries in the rolls of the approbation of the Commons of his proceedings. He is again and again thanked by them for his services, and the king exhorted to bestow some mark of favor on him. One extract from the rolls will illustrate the footing on which the prince stood with the majority of the Lower House at the close of the year 1407:—

"On the 2d December, 1407, being the last day of Parliament, after great heat and debate, the Speaker, in the name of the Commons, prayed the King to be graciously pleased to reward the Prince for his great labor, diligence, and troubles, many and frequent, in resisting the great rebellion of the Welsh. Whereof his Majesty most especially returned thanks to the Commons for their hearty goodwill in his behalf. And thereupon the said lord the Prince, most humbly kneeling, de-



clared to our said Lord the King, and to all the estates of Parliament, in respect of the Duke of York, how that he had understood that divers obloquies and detractions had been put forth by certain evil-disposed persons, to the slander and derogation of the honorable estate and name of the said Duke. Wherein the lord the Prince made declaration for the said Duke, that if it had not been for his skill and good advice, himself the said Prince and those who were with him would have been in very great perils and desolation. And he farther added, in behalf of the said Duke, that if he had been one of the poorest gentlemen of the realm wishing to earn a good name and honor by service, the said Duke did so in his own person labor and use his endeavors to give comfort and courage to all others who were of the same company; and that in all his actions he is a true and valiant knight. And the said Speaker, in the name of the Commons, further prayed that all those who were with the said lord, the Prince in Wales, and continued and stayed with him until his departure thence, might be rewarded and promoted according to their good desert; and that the rest who fled and went off from the said Prince's company, without asking or obtaining leave in that behalf, might be punished and chastised, for example to others in time to come." The Duke of York, cousin of the prince, had been implicated in the rebellion of Mortimer, Earl of March, and was still under suspicion on that account. He fell fighting at Agincourt by the side of the prince who here intercedes for him. It appears that Prince Henry also bribed his step-mother, Queen Joanna, to obtain from the king leave for the Earl of March, to marry—a remarkable intercession in favor of the representative of the legitimate line, the house of Clarence. But young Henry seems to have been devoid of all the suspicious fears which animated his father.

We must now refer briefly to the stories of Henry of Monmouth's early excesses, rendered famous by Shakspeare. We have seen that he had a mansion given him by the king near Eastcheap. Were the years during which he took so constant and leading a part in the government, also partly devoted by the prince to wild debauchery in the neighborhood of Eastcheap, as the great poet assumes? And was he committed to prison by Chief Justice Gascoigne for endeavoring to rescue a

follower of his from the hands of justice in open court? The latter story, and, indeed, all the stories of these excesses first appear in the writers of the reign of Henry VIII. This silence may be explained *possibly* by the intervening Wars of the Roses; but it is, nevertheless, a striking fact that there is no trace of the alleged events in any contemporary record. The only thing which may give a color to their truth is the fact that in the year 1412, for some unknown cause, Prince Henry ceased to be of the council, and lost his share in the government. But there is evidence that the king was then extremely jealous of him and apprehensive of a design on his part to depose him from the crown, and even on one occasion hastily quitted one of his houses for another on hearing of the prince's presence in London. It is said that Queen Joanna made ill-feeling between father and son; but there is no proof of this. Certainly the probability is against personal debauchery and violence having been the cause of Prince Henry's disgrace.

His great friend in early life was Sir John Oldcastle, in right of his wife called Lord Cobham, the leader of the Lollards, a man of great learning, and an old and distinguished soldier. We can find no evidence that any common taint of heresy formed the bond between the prince and Oldcastle. The former always appears to have been orthodox, and opposed to the Lollards, though attached to his old friend by their common love of books and arms. But the king may have thought differently, and it must be remembered that the Lollards were accused of embracing along with their religious heresy dangerous republican notions. Did the king believe the prince to be scheming through them to upset his throne? If there is any truth in the Gascoigne story, it may be a perverted or exaggerated account of some interference on behalf of a Lollard friend of Oldcastle.

Oldcastle had served with the prince throughout his campaigns in Wales, and as late as 1411 commanded one of the divisions of the contingent sent in aid of the Duke of Burgundy. Nevertheless, he appears in the old play of "the famous victories of Henry V.," among the companions of Henry, as "a low, worthless fellow, without a single spark of wit or humor to relieve his grovelling profligacy." He is an insignificant character in this play, but from his and another char-

acter in it Shakespeare caught the idea of Falstaff, which he has made so popular—altering the name to avoid (as a Protestant) the libel on Oldcastle,—as he himself hints in the epilogue to *Henry IV.*, Part II.—“Falstaff shall die of a surfeit, unless, indeed, he be already killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.” If, then, the well-known character of Oldcastle was thus libelled, why not that of Henry himself? We are inclined to believe, indeed, that the early excesses of Edward of Caernarvon—joined to the facts of Prince Henry’s alienation from his father, and his friendship to Oldcastle—are the real sources of the popular stories. The pranks of Edward bear a close resemblance to those attributed to Henry, and the name of one of the prince’s companions—“our dear servant (Guillemot) Pointz”—actually appears in Shakespeare as that of one of Prince Henry’s low associates. Such transpositions and repetitions of stories are very common in history.

Whether Prince Henry and his father were ever reconciled is very doubtful. We only know for certain that Henry IV. died on the 20th. of March, 1413, and that one of the first acts of the new king was to cause the body of King Richard II. to be transferred from its humble resting-place, and buried with great pomp by the side of his queen. Until the point as to his early life is settled, it is impossible to draw up a character of Prince Henry; but from what is ascertained as fact, we cannot do otherwise than pass a highly favorable judgment on his conduct. The only doubt is as to his political conduct towards his father; and the character of Henry Bolingbroke was such as to warrant a favorable interpretation of his son’s actions in this case also.

V.—1454.—EDWARD OF WESTMINSTER.

VI.—1471.—EDWARD OF THE SANCTUARY.

VII.—1483.—EDWARD OF MIDDLEHAM.

We next come to three young princes who have a tragic connection with each other. The first, the son of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, was born in the palace at Westminster on October 13, 1453; and his birth, no doubt, by cutting off the succession from Richard of York, who also represented through his mother the claims of the house of Clarence, precipitated the revolution which placed

the house of York on the throne, and terminated with the young prince’s death in or after the battle of Tewkesbury, May 4, 1471. The second of these young princes, the son of King Edward (IV.) of York, the victor of Tewkesbury fight, and Elizabeth Woodville, was born on the 14th of November, 1470, in the Sanctuary at Westminster, where his mother had taken refuge during the brief resuscitation of the house of Lancaster under the auspices of Warwick, the “King-maker.” When or how he died is, and, perhaps, always will remain a mystery; but we know that after succeeding his father as Edward V. he was deposed by his uncle, Richard of Gloucester, and soon after disappeared, in the year 1483. The third Prince Edward, born at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, in the year 1474, was the son of this Richard of Gloucester and the Lady Anne Neville, widow of Edward of Westminster. Theirs is, indeed, a bond of death and ruin! Edward of Westminster was born during one of his father’s fits of melancholy imbecility. When carried to the king, first by his godfather, the Duke of Buckingham, and then by Queen Margaret, that he might bless him, and with the hope of rousing the wretched Henry, the latter only gazed vacantly on child and mother. In the first year of his age, March 15, 1454, young Edward was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester by royal charter, confirmed in Parliament the next day. Under the limitations of the Duchy of Cornwall, he required no new grant. Before he was two years old the civil war began, and henceforth his fortunes are those of his mother, Queen Margaret. When York recovered his Protectorate, after the first battle at St. Alban’s, and the king fell into his hands, Prince Edward had a sum of 10,000 marks annually granted to him by Parliament till he should become eight years old. After the battle of Northampton, King Henry again fell into the hands of the Yorkists, and in a Yorkist Parliament, on the 31st of October, 1460, it was ordained that Prince Edward should be set aside, and that Richard, Duke of York, should be called “Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester.” On the 31st of December the new titular Prince of Wales was slain at Wakefield. When the battle of Barnet Heath again restored Henry to liberty, he knighted his son and thirty others. The battle of Towton drove all three to Scotland.

After the battle of Hexham, in the spring of 1463, is said to have taken place the well-known incident of the generous robber and Queen Margaret and her son. They at length found refuge in Flanders, and thence in Lorraine, where the young prince was placed under the tutorship of the learned Sir John Fortescue. Then came the revolt of Warwick from Edward of York—the marriage of his daughter Anne to Edward of Westminster—the restoration of King Henry—the second battle of Barnet, where Warwick fell—and last, the fight at Tewkesbury, which closed the career of young Edward of Westminster.

Edward of the Sanctuary's brief life is merely that of his father and his ambitious mother and uncles. He was only thirteen when he disappeared. He was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester by charter, June 26, 1471; invested with the principality and Earldoms of Chester and Flint by charter, July 17, and created Duke of Cornwall in Parliament by patent of the same date.

Young Edward of Middleham died suddenly on the 31st of March, 1484, when only ten years of age, to the intense grief of his father, who had lavished honors on him, and put him forward as his heir on all occasions. It was generally considered to be a judgment of God for the mysterious fate of the other Edward in the preceding year. He was treated from his father's accession as Duke of Cornwall, and created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester by charter, August 24, 1483.

VIII.—1489.—ARTHUR TUDOR.

IX.—1503.—HENRY TUDOR.

These brother princes, the sons of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, may be spoken of together. Arthur was born at Winchester Castle, September 20th, 1486. Of Welsh origin himself, the politic king chose for his first-born the name of the Welsh national hero. Henry Tudor was born at Greenwich, June 28, 1491. Arthur was placed under the tuition first of Bernard Andreas, an Italian, and then, together with his brother, under that of a distinguished Greek scholar, Thomas Linacre. Both princes seem to have been literally gorged with learning; but while Arthur's feeble mind became oppressed by it, Henry's robust constitution and petulant, restless spirit bore it gayly and lightly, and when a mere boy the latter corresponded with

Erasmus, much to the pride of that learned man. Both princes were naturally apt at exercises. Arthur excelled in the use of the bow, and good archers of the time were called "true Prince Arthurs." Henry's stately air, even as a child, caused the ladies to give him the name of "the King." The private life of both seems to have been even-flowing, but nothing of note occurs in their lives till the match formed between the elder prince and the Princess Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand of Arragon. There were long delays in the negotiations for the marriage, and Arthur wrote plaintive and adoring Latin love-letters in abundance to Catherine, who replied in the same language. At last, on the 21st of May, 1501, the princess left the Alhambra, but did not reach Plymouth till the 2d of October following. Arthur was at Ludlow Castle, but encountered her on her road on the 5th of November. The next day he was formally introduced to her by the king, and after a conversation in Latin they were at once betrothed. The prince was then just fifteen, Catherine a year older. On the 12th of November they made a public entry into London. "The mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, with other of the conservators, councillors, and aiders of the city of London, so orderly with good policy had provided the said city, that the fellowship of every craft should,—'all things laid aparte,'—in the several liveries and bodies of their names, be present at the coming of this most excellent princess. And for the said great number of crafts were barriers made on every side of the way, from the middle of Gracechurch Street into the entering of the churchyard of St. Paul's, that they might, from the comers and common people have their peace and ease, and also be seen." Near St. Paul's prince and princess lodged in separate houses for the night. On the 14th of November they were married at St. Paul's, Prince Henry (a boy of ten) leading the bride into and from the church. In a fortnight the bride and bridegroom departed for Ludlow Castle; and there on the 2d of April following, Prince Arthur expired, after a short and sharp illness. He had been created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester on the 1st of December, 1489, and invested by charter on the 27th of February following. King Henry—not to be dependent on the right of his wife—obtained a fresh grant by Parliament, in the first year of his reign (Novem-

ber 7th), of the Duchy of Cornwall to himself and to his first-born son. On the death of Prince Arthur it was decided that "first-born" meant "eldest surviving," and therefore that Prince Henry succeeded of right to the duchy. He was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, February 18, 1503. In the June of the next year he was betrothed to his brother's widow—much against her will, it is said—he being only a boy of thirteen, while she herself was nineteen. When Prince Henry attained the age of fourteen, his father made him protest against this betrothal as null and void, wishing, it would seem, to leave a loophole for escaping from the match. The match was afterwards delayed and nearly broken off by the king's project of himself marrying Juana, the sister of Catherine. The prince and Catherine were forbidden to have any communication; and from the severe measures adopted, it would seem that while Prince Henry had assumed the character of an ardent lover, the lady herself had changed her mind respecting him, perhaps to some degree affected by the state of penury in which her father-in-law kept her. On the 25th of April, 1509, however, the death of the king released them from royal interference, and Henry at once married the widowed Princess of Wales. As Princes of Wales, neither Arthur nor Henry, except in the matter of their marriage matches, had any influence on political affairs, and the character of the latter belongs to his reign, and not to his minority. None of his sons were ever Princes of Wales.

X.—1610.—HENRY FREDERICK STUART.

XI.—1616.—CHARLES STUART.

Two more brother princes succeeded, standing in a somewhat similar relation to one another with the last two James I., their father, was, like Henry VII., the founder of a new dynasty, and again we had the eldest son cut off prematurely on the verge of manhood, and the younger playing an important part in history. But the loss seems really to have been much greater in the case of Prince Henry than of Prince Arthur. He was born at Stirling, on the 19th of February, 1594. The hopes of the English succession attached to him from his birth, and he was educated accordingly. Precocious in all that he attempted, he soon learnt to ride, dance, and sing. Richard Preston, afterwards Earl of

Desmond, taught him the use of arms, and the pope expressed a wish to undertake the superintendence of his education—an offer which his mother, Anne of Denmark, wished to accept! On the accession of his father to the crown of England, the latter (a great philosopher on paper, and for the good of others) wrote to him, "Let not this news make you proud or insolent; for a king's son and heir was ye before, and no more are ye yet. The augmentation that is hereby like to fall unto you is but in cares and heavy burthens!" In May, 1603, the prince, with his mother, and his only sister, Elizabeth, two years his junior, left Holyrood for Windsor, where he arrived at the end of June. On their way, among other festivities, they were entertained at Althorpe with a masque by Ben Jonson. Everybody in England appeared to have made up their minds that the prince was to emulate the warlike fame of the Black Prince and Harry of Monmouth. Ben Jonson addressed him prophetically to that effect:—

"Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star;  
And when slow times have made you fit for war,  
Look over the salt ocean, and think where  
You may best lead us forth who grow up here,  
Against a day when our officious swords  
Shall speak our actions better than our words."

Lord Spencer sent him a copy of De Comines's *Memoirs of the French Wars*, and Colonel Edwards expressed a similar hope when presenting him with a suit of armor, and the works of Froissart sent him from Holland. His mother, a weak, perverse-tempered woman, nursed this warlike humor to annoy her husband, who wished to make a scholar rather than a soldier of his son. The prince was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1605, and had, besides, tutors and assistant tutors in plenty; but though not averse to learning, he never became absorbed in his books. He preferred the reading that bore on active life—travels and traveller's stories were his delight, and Adam Newton, his tutor, kept him supplied with letters from abroad. He liked also history, and made Lydyat his chronographer and cosmographer. Naval affairs interested him greatly, and Sir Walter Raleigh drew up a treatise on naval architecture. When a mere boy, Phineas Pett, one of the masters of Woolwich dockyard, made him a model ship, twenty-eight feet by fifteen, which the prince called the



"Disdain," and in which he made voyages on the Thames. His uncle, the King of Denmark, on his visit in 1606, presented him with his vice-admiral's vessel, worth £2,500. At a subsequent period he looked closely, though privately, after the management of the navy and dockyards, and stood sturdily by his friend, Phineas Pett, when the latter was falsely accused of malversation. His skill in manly sports was considerable, particularly at tennis. Here he came into collision with two noted individuals. The king's favorite, Carre, then Viscount Rochester, is said to have quarrelled with him at this game, and even struck him; and the young Earl of Essex, his playfellow, is said also to have struck the petulant prince on the head with a racket, because he called him the son of a traitor. The prince is said to have subsequently made love to the young Lady Essex, and to have been supplanted by Rochester. His household, meanwhile, was formed on a magnificent scale, and the money which he or his courtiers ran through was enormous. But though the house was a gay one, and always in debt, the prince himself had a serious side to his character which was strongly marked. He allowed no swearing in his household; after the gunpowder plot, Tuesday, November 5th, always attended church on a Tuesday; and showed a decided Protestant, not to say, Puritan leaning in his opinions. This seems to have made, for a time, some coolness between him and his mother, whose leanings were Romanist and Spanish; yet it was through her that he came to know and appreciate Sir Walter Raleigh. The great man, then a prisoner in the Tower, sent a prescription to the queen, when dangerously ill, which cured her. The prince thus introduced to him soon appreciated in his character the spirit of adventure and love of historical study, so kindred to his own. "No king but my father," he said, "would keep such a bird in a cage." The prince led an uneasy life between his father and mother. On one occasion, when the royal pair had quarrelled, he writes to the king, "I dare not reply (to the queen) as you directed, that your majesty was afraid lest she should return to her old *bias*, for such a word might set her in the way of it, and besides, make me a peace-breaker, which I would eschew." His companion in his family was his sister Elizabeth, to whom he was warmly attached.

When the Duke of Savoy proposed a double match between his son and daughter and Prince Henry and his sister, the prince got Raleigh to write a pamphlet against the matches, as they were of one mind in their dislike to marrying a "Papist." A French and a Spanish match for the prince were continually being talked of. The king hankered after a Spanish *infanta* for his son; while the French tried to outbid their rivals by offering a large dowry with Madame Christine, the second daughter of their king, a child nine years old. Henry, who was then eighteen, did not relish the idea, and Rochester joked him coarsely on the subject. But death saved him from both matches. He became Duke of Cornwall on his father's accession to the crown, and was solemnly created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in Parliament, June 10, 1610, and by patent of even date. In the year 1611, he applied to the king to be made President of the Council, as Henry of Monmouth had been. The request was refused, for James had conceived a great jealousy of his son—who had won all hearts from him, and showed a disposition to take an active part in the government, in a very different direction from his father's policy. On one occasion, both setting out by separate roads to Theobald's, the prince was attended by all the flower of the nobility, while the king was left to his own servants. A burst of tears was James's resource. The next year, however, the prince's health broke up altogether. After some preliminary attacks in the autumn he fainted away at an entertainment given to the Prince Palatine on his approaching nuptials with the Princess Elizabeth. Raleigh sent the queen a prescription for him, adding that it would cure him, except in case of poison. But the prince never rallied. He did not wish for life without health, he said. On the 6th of November, 1612, he expired, and the queen, catching at Raleigh's words, cried out that he was poisoned. The idea got widely spread, and was generally believed. Most accused the Papists—some hinted at Rochester—and a suppressed whisper of the time has found its echo in history, that the king himself knew something of the foul play. On the other hand, the prince's death was attributed to his imprudent carelessness of his health, and to bathing in the Thames at Richmond, after a heavy supper. The grief at his death



was intense, and Raleigh wrote of it "that, like an eclipse of the sun, we shall find its effects hereafter." We may not have lost in him all that his contemporaries fondly believed; but, certainly, there seems to have been a manliness in his character, and a peculiar tinge in his religious opinions, which would have harmonized far more with the spirit of the age than the peculiarities of his brother's disposition possibly could. At any rate, it is far more likely that his reign would have been an era of maritime enterprise and English naval ascendancy than of civil divisions and civil war.

CHARLES STUART, the younger son of King James I., was born at Dunfermline, on the 19th of November, 1600. A puny, sickly infant, his life seemed for some time to hang on a thread, while half his physical organs refused to do their proper office. In his fourth year he was with great difficulty beginning to speak some words. He was left behind in Scotland, under the care of Lord Fife, when the rest of the royal family went into England, and that nobleman writes, that though the prince is gaining strength, "he is far better with his head than with his body and feet." In July, 1604, a physician, sent for the purpose, reports that he was beginning to walk alone. He was removed the same year to England, where father and mother at first neglected him, as in a doomed and hopeless condition, while Prince Henry, with the insolence of a healthy elder brother, said they had better make an Archbishop of Canterbury of him, that the episcopal petticoats might hide his crooked legs. He was left during childhood very much to the sole charge of Lady Carey, to whose assiduous kindness he probably owed his life and much that renders life tolerable. As he grew older, he gradually gained in strength and personal appearance, and shook off a large part of his early infirmities. But to the last he stutted in his speech when at all excited; his legs never became perfectly straight or strong, though he was a rapid walker, and he retained much of the irritable temperament of a helpless invalid, and the abrupt, ungracious manner of one who had scarcely the mastery of the power of speaking. Physical weakness had probably not a little to do with the unhappy formation of Charles's character. Till he outgrew his worst deficiencies he was a child neglected and looked down

upon by his parents, and ignored by the public, who were wrapped up in his brilliant and popular brother. Deprived of the sympathies of the people, the boy naturally soon lost the power of sympathizing *with* the people, and left to himself and his immediate attendants, he withdrew into books and things which appealed to the eye and ear rather than the muscles, and were the appropriate solace of a valetudinarian. The king placed about him two clergymen, with orders never to leave him, as if he wished to realize Prince Henry's impertinent project. From them, and as he grew older, from the encouragement of the king himself, he gained a taste for theological controversy, and became, while still a mere boy, quite a learned divine of the new school of ceremonial Anglicanism. Pictures also, and the fine arts generally were among his most prized companions, and he took great delight in music and musicians. Poetry and the drama found a large place in his reading—and under the tutorship of Thomas Murray he seems to have received a thorough education up to the highest standard of the age, and to have been an apt scholar. The king soon learned to take a pride in his precocious erudition, and instilled into him no doubt, opinions and maxims of Church and State, which were only too congenial with the prince's own feelings and preconceptions. He suited James far better in these pacific and theological tastes than his elder son did, and parent and pupil soon agreed in their detestation of popular liberty and their theory of royal irresponsibility. Charles's temperament was naturally cold and reserved, though he was subject to brief fits of irritable passion, in which he often said far too much. Unable to mix much at first in personal adventure, he learned to scheme how to make use of others, and grew as self-opinionative in his ideas of his Machiavellian skill as his father, and nursed in casuistry, he soon lost any keen sense of truth. Obstinate to the last degree in his ideas, he was yet wanting in moral firmness, and vacillating in his plans. He generally pursued three or four inconsistent schemes at the same time, and never could be brought to believe in the necessary failure of them all. With his statecraft he became a dissembler, and for his dissimulation and double-dealing, he ultimately paid the forfeit with his life. He was naturally, or from the influence of

more refining pursuits, free from animal passions in the gross shape in which they exhibited themselves in his father. But the spirit of court life and manners in that age, and the example of those about him had, to some extent, affected his feelings and habits; and though he plunged comparatively little himself into coarser indulgences, and had a certain respect for outward decorum, he had no strong feeling of disgust for the vices in themselves, such as to make him shun close association with those most stained with them; nor was his own idea of decorum, either of behavior or conversation, such as would be much appreciated at the present day. He had not his brother's dislike of oaths; for, as his irreverent son said to the bishop, who reproved him for swearing, "Odds fish, man, your Martyr swore like a trooper!" Such was, or became in more mature years, the character of the prince who succeeded Prince Henry as heir apparent to the English throne.

Charles brought with him from Scotland the title of Duke of Albany, and in January, 1606, Sir Dudley Carleton writes, "Little Charles is made great Duke of York." The nation at his brother's death, had yet to gather their opinion of the latter's successor; and very little for certain did they know till his Spanish trip in 1623. Charles evidently still shrank from the popular eye, though no longer the pitiable object he once had been. But he was still very sensitive on the point of his past and present defects, and took so great a dislike to a boy in his household, a son of Sir Robert Killigrew, who had crooked legs like himself, that the father offered to remove him on that very account. But though Charles kept very much in the background, rumor soon supplied the place of ascertained fact in his case, and as his friendship with George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, began to be marked, popular opinion took a more definitely unfavorable tone respecting his character. There was a selfishness (fostered, no doubt, by his early illness) in Charles, and a want of frank and generous sentiments, which made a great impression out of doors. If people knew little evil of him, they heard little good. When Villiers first rose to power in 1615, he seems to have treated Charles with great *nonchalance*, and Clarendon tells us that "it was after a long time of declared jealousy and

displeasure on the prince's part, and occasion enough administered on the other," that through the interference of James himself, whom Villiers thanks for "having first planted me in your Babie Charles's good opinion," this fatal friendship was cemented. His early antipathy to Villiers probably gave rise to a rumor that the prince leant to the Puritans; but this soon died away. Before the death of Queen Anne, in 1618, Charles made use of Villiers to appease his father's anger on some point on which he had offended him; and in 1618, we find Buckingham the confidant of a secret intrigue of the prince with some lady. In the summer of 1622, the French ambassador writes, "Many place their hopes upon the Prince of Wales; I, however, maintain, against the opinion of many, and especially of M. Domquester (*sic*), who holds him to be a man of much understanding and of his word, and ascribes his great endurance to wisdom, that, when he comes to the government, his subjects will soon be tired of him, for he will exhibit all the vices of his father, but display none of the qualities which his friends attribute to him; for how were it otherwise possible that a prince of his years should, as yet, have given no proof of anything good or generous?" And the historian May, speaking of his accession to the crown, adds that, "Some men suspended their hopes, as doubting what to find of a prince so much and so long reserved." Speaking of the friendship which had grown up between Charles and Buckingham, the French ambassador, in January, 1623, after mentioning the various conjectures out of doors respecting it, says, "few know that passions for women have to do with it. Howsoever the affair may be, the prince is loudly blamed therefor, and the more he advances in age the more he diminishes his reputation." The Venetian envoy, writing in September, 1622, says: "Of the Prince Charles as yet scarcely anything is to be said, except that he is, like his father, passionately addicted to the chase. The coldness which he displays in all his dealings leads us to no very favorable conclusions in the case of a young man, unless on his accession to the sovereignty he displays a different disposition." But, while the prince was to the eye of the public secluding himself in his private pleasures, he was really quietly taking a very important and very mischievous

part in the conduct of national affairs. Buckingham had now made up his mind to build his fortunes on the good-will of the heir apparent, and, accordingly, by his influence over the weak old king, compelled the latter to do whatever the prince and he, the duke, might agree in recommending. Buckingham never openly directed Charles, as he did his father. This he knew would rouse the sensitive pride of the prince's character—jealous on some points, though enduring the easy familiarity of the favorite on many occasions where it would have caused great annoyance to most persons. The duke influenced the prince indirectly, and then browbeat the king with their united authority into acquiescence. James fretted under this yoke, and the increasing neglect of Villiers; and suspected him of a design to seclude him altogether, and place Charles at the head of the State. But he had no courage to resist them openly, and accordingly followed their counsels, much to his own detriment. We have on record, in Charles's own writing, two instances of his interference in state affairs. Writing to the duke on Friday, November the 3d, 1621, he says, "Steenie, the Lower House this day have been a little unruly; but I hope it will turn to the best, for before they rose they began to be ashamed of it. Yet I could wish that the king would send down a commission here, that (if need were) such seditious fellows might be made an example to others, by Monday next; and till then I would let them alone. It will be seen whether they mean to do good or to persist in their follies; so that the king needs to be patient but a little while. I have spoken with so many of the council as the king trusts most, and they are all of this mind, only the sending of authority to set seditious fellows fast is of my adding." Again, on the 28th, he writes: "Steenie, this day the Lower House has given the king a subsidy, and are likewise resolved to send a messenger humbly to entreat him to end this session before Christmas. I confess that this they have done is not so great a matter that the king need to be indulgent over them for it; yet, on the other side (for his reputation abroad at this time), I would not wholly discontent them; therefore, my opinion is, that the king should grant them a session at this time, but withal I should have him command them not to

speak any more of Spain, whether it be of that war or of my marriage. This, in my opinion, does neither suffer them to encroach upon the king's authority, nor give them just cause of discontent." The arbitrary ideas, and still more, the insolent tone exhibited in these letters, show more than any general remarks could, the real disposition of Charles towards the constitution and people of England. The king unluckily followed his advice, and addressed a letter in the same tone to the Speaker. The Commons answered with spirit, and the king rejoined that their privileges were only matter of grace. This excited such indignation that the ministers had to excuse it as a "slip of the pen at the end of a long answer." Notwithstanding this, and a more subdued letter from James, the Commons entered on their journals on the 18th of December, 1621, a solemn "protestation" that the liberties, privileges, and jurisdiction of Parliament are the ancient birth-right and inheritance of the subjects of England. The king, thereupon dissolved the Parliament, and followed Charles's other piece of advice by committing the leaders to separate imprisonment in the Tower and elsewhere: and there, with one exception, they remained till the opening of the next Parliament, in which Charles and Buckingham played a very different game. It is, however, well to remark that an opposition to the court first sprang up in the House of Lords in the Parliament just dissolved, and that the Prince of Wales was a constant attendant on their deliberations, though we must conclude from what the ambassadors say that he exhibited no marked feeling on the matter, at least openly.

Now, however, occurred the celebrated journey of Charles and Villiers to Spain, which caused such a panic in king and nation and in its event totally altered the relations of the prince and favorite to the popular party. Marriage negotiations of various sorts had been going on ever since the year 1617. It is generally admitted, however, that a personal visit to Spain on the part of the prince was Buckingham's peculiar idea, though the Spanish ambassador no doubt encouraged and fostered it. The duke is said to have been desirous of thus monopolizing the young prince more than he possibly could in their home intercourse, and of so obtaining a still firmer hold on his mind; besides, he found

his position between a jealous king and a proud young heir apparent more and more difficult every day, and was well content to escape from it for a time. He was fond of adventure, personally fearless, and eager to display his handsome person, and exhibit his influence over the prince to the eyes of foreign courts. The old king was nearly distracted at the idea. In the first place, he had not been consulted till everything was settled, and he was naturally piqued. Then he feared more than ever the increasing intimacy of Charles and Villiers; and though he had begun to hate the latter, he was used to see him near his person, and was uneasy during his absence, though his presence brought little pleasure. For the prince's personal safety the faint-hearted king was not a little alarmed. He felt that Buckingham, to gratify his own ambition and vain whim, was perilling the safety of the only son of a king—and such a king as himself. Looked at, too, in a political point of view, James was too shrewd not to see that this journey to Madrid was throwing the marriage game entirely into the hands of the Spanish Court and giving them a royal hostage, for the safe return of whom they might almost make their own terms. He remonstrated loudly, but at length gave way, and “John and Thomas Smith” set out with a few attendants, and passing through Paris, where Charles saw his future wife, Henrietta Maria, for the first time, reached Madrid on the 7th of March, 1623. From that date to their ambiguous departure from that capital on the 12th of September, their visit was one continued attempt on the part of the wooers and the Spanish court to outwit and overreach each other. The king at home followed almost passively the directions of his two tyrants—and it was only the firmness of some of his councillors that prevented his being fatally committed on most important points. Charles and Buckingham, not without reason, entreated him to keep the more exceptionable proceedings a secret from all his council. That they played a double and most disreputable part with the Spanish court, there can be no doubt; whether the latter dissembled, or not in its turn. The court and the people of Madrid all imagined the Prince must be really in secret a Catholic, or he never would be so anxious for the match as to imperil himself thus. They acted on this idea, and Charles and Buckingham encouraged them

in it, boasting of their deceit in letters to the king. The pope also was corresponded with in the same spirit, and all sorts of vague promises were made to the Spaniards and the court of Rome respecting the project of a general toleration of the Catholics in England, and license to them to propagate their doctrines in that country. No one who peruses the letters which passed between the English prince and his father and favorite on the subject of these marriage treaties, can fail to arrive at a most unfavorable conclusion respecting the real character of Charles, in point of sincerity and common honesty. At last, however, notwithstanding all difficulties, things appeared to be on the eve of settlement, and the infanta assumed the rank at court of Princess of Wales. But Buckingham had quarrelled with the Spanish favorite, Olivarez, and having disgusted the grave ceremonious Spaniards by his insolent levity and *nonchalant* manners, he became disgusted with *them* and the match altogether. He probably saw that the infanta might be used as an instrument against him, if she became the wife of Charles; at any rate, he resolved to break off the match; and keeping up their deceit to the last, and committing the English ambassador, the Earl of Bristol, in the most shameless manner, he and the prince got away to the coast, embarked for England, boasting how they had deluded the Spaniards, and landed at Portsmouth on the 8th of October. The nation frantic with joy, at the rupture of the unpopular Spanish match, and the safe return of the prince, believed all they chose to say against the conduct of Spain towards them. In vain James attempted to stem the torrent. Charles and Villiers were resolved on a war with Spain, and to effect this they had a Parliament summoned, and in it appeared in the new character of popular leaders. At a conference with the two Houses the duke delivered a long account of the Spanish negotiation utterly at variance with the truth, Charles standing by and corroborating him. In vain the king tried to preserve peace with Spain. He soon had to endure an attack on his own most cherished ideas on the part of those who had encouraged him formerly in putting them forward. His ministers were impeached by the Commons, under the auspices of the prince and duke. “By God, Steenie!” he exclaimed, “you are a fool, and will shortly regret this folly, and will find that in this fit of popular-



ity you are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself." And then, turning in some anger to the prince, he told him "he would live to have his bellyful of Parliaments; and that when he (James) should be dead, he would have too much cause to remember how much he had contributed to the weakening of the crown by this precedent he was now so fond of. On March 27, 1625, the wretched old king sank under an accumulation of diseases, joined to agony of mind and vexation at the conduct of his son and old favorite, which he dared not openly resent or oppose. He privately caballed against them, indeed, but Charles and Villiers, strong in the popular confidence, pursued their course—and as the king prophesied, after his death reaped the fruits of their pretended patriotism when the nation, awakening from the delusion, called on them to perform as heads of the government those promises of which they had been so lavish in opposition. Charles became Duke of Cornwall on the death of his elder brother in 1612, and was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, November 4, 1616.

#### XII.—CHARLES STUART (THE YOUNGER.)

This prince, the eldest surviving son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria of France, was born at St. James's Palace on the 29th of May, 1630. His mother in a letter to a friend, writes: "He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious in all that he does that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself." A curious *début* for the "Merry Monarch!" The first eleven years of the prince's life were untroubled ones. He was, during that time, under the governorship of Cavendish, Earl (afterwards Marquis and Duke) of Newcastle. Brian Duppa, afterwards a bishop, was his general tutor, while the celebrated Hobbes of Malmesbury taught him mathematics, in which study the prince took considerable pleasure, much appreciating his instructor. When the dissensions between king and Parliament began to assume a very serious aspect, in the latter part of 1641, the Earl of Newcastle was superseded by a governor who was thought by the Parliament more trustworthy—Seymour, Marquis of Hertford. But after the attempt on the five members

and the withdrawal of the king from Whitehall at the beginning of the year 1642, Hertford was induced to follow the fortunes of the crown, and carried off the young prince in the king's train. He was present at Edgehill fight, and narrowly escaped capture. In the year 1645, after Queen Henrietta Maria had quitted Oxford and had left England for the Continent for the second time, the king resolved to send the prince into the west of England, with the title of generalissimo, and surrounded by a council, among whom Hyde and Culpeper took the lead. On the 5th of March in that year, Charles and his son parted at Abingdon, as it proved, forever? The prince's court was established first at Bristol, and thence, on account of the plague, it was removed to Bridgewater. As the army of Fairfax overran the west, the prince and his council withdrew successively to Exeter, Pendennis, and Launceston. During this time the governor of the prince was the Earl of Berkshire, a weak, dissolute man; and in the neighborhood of Bridgewater young Charles fell into the company of Goring's debauched cavaliers, some of whom are described by the Royalists themselves as of the most abandoned and abominable habits. Some were expressly removed from the prince's society on that account, but not before the seed had been sown of the profligate character of the future king of England. When the mainland became no longer a safe residence for the prince, he was removed to the Scilly Islands, where he arrived on the 4th of March, 1646. The ill fortunes of his father still pursuing him, he quitted St. Mary's Island on the 16th of April for Jersey. Here he established a mimic court, which was gay enough to satisfy his own tastes and delight the islanders, notwithstanding his arbitrary ordinances respecting the price of provisions, and the taxation imposed to build new forts. But his lively, courteous manners pleased the inhabitants, who were, no doubt, rendered doubly loyal by antagonism to their sister island, Puritan Guernsey. The prince had also the power of granting titles of honor—an additional source of popularity. It was during this first residence in Jersey that Prince Charles "fell in love with a young lady of high rank, who became the mother of a child, who enjoyed the prerogative denied to all the other natural children of Charles II., of bearing his father's name. He was called James STUART, and

was brought up on the Continent, in the Protestant religion," though he afterwards became a Catholic and a priest, playing a mysterious but important part during his father's reign on the question of that king's formal reception into the Roman Catholic Church." "*Il nous est né,*" says Charles himself, "*lorsque nous n'avions guères plus de seize ou dix-sept ans, d'une jeune dame des plus qualifiées de ses royaumes plustost par fragilité de nostre première jeunesse que par malice.*"

After some intricate negotiations of King Charles and the queen with the prince's council at Jersey, the latter was removed—much against the wish of Hyde and Culpeper—to France and his mother's care. He left Jersey on the 5th of June, 1646, and reached St. Germain's in the middle of July; and here, with occasional visits to the French court at Fontainebleau, he remained under the strictest tutelage of Henrietta, till the year 1648. The queen allowed him no free will of his own, and even appropriated to her own use the allowance made him by the French Government, under pretence that it was derogatory to his dignity to receive it. She had made up her mind from his first landing in France that her son should marry Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the wealthy heiress of the Duke of Orleans, a clever, audacious, insolent royal coquette of nineteen, who counted half the princes of Europe as her admirers and wooers, and was playing her game for a great marriage prize. Three years older than Prince Charles, and he then a wandering prince, destitute of money, and with most doubtful prospects, it is no wonder the proud beauty treated him at first with superb disdain. She herself attributes her neglect of him to his being unable to talk French, and his sulkiness or bashfulness in their first interviews. "Now, what was I to do with a young fellow that could not speak French? What could I reply to him who had nothing to say? Could he only have spoken for himself, Heaven only knows what might then have happened. Under these circumstances, how could I do other than regard Prince Charles as an object of pity?" The prince, however, followed her about sedulously for some time, and his mother tried her best arts to create an attachment between the parties;

but at length queen and prince got tired of their efforts, and when, in the spring of 1647, the royal beauty, disappointed in her hopes elsewhere, began in her turn to woo the prince, both Henrietta and Charles gave a cool reception to these advances. The next year we find the prince entering on an illicit relation with Lucy Barlow, *alias* Walters, "a brown, beautiful, bold, but vapid creature," as Evelyn calls her. In April, 1649, she made the prince the father of "John Crofts," afterwards the well-known Duke of Monmouth. But before this, the Presbyterian-Royalist rising in England, and the revolt of a part of the Parliament's ships under Batten, led Charles, in June, 1648, to proceed to Calais, and thence sail to Holland, where he took the command of the revolted ships at Helvoetsluys. The fleet sailed for England, but returned again to Holland without fighting the Earl of Warwick and the Parliament's squadron. Warwick followed, Van Tromp and the Dutch fleet interposing and keeping the peace between the hostile vessels. Quarrels broke out in the prince's fleet, the sailors deserted or were seduced back to Warwick's service: and Charles, giving up the nominal command, retired to Breda, where he lived in great penury, but maintaining a reckless gayety till the trial of his father, at the beginning of 1649, roused him to send a blank paper with his signature, offering any terms to the Parliament if the king's life were saved. The interference, however, was fruitless. The axe fell at Whitehall on the 30th of January, 1649, and Prince Charles became, in the eyes of the Royalists, "King Charles the Second of England." Here, then, we leave him. His character is soon summed up. He was an easy-tempered, but selfish and heartless voluptuary, witty, shrewd, and in his manners affable and condescending, but without a spark of manly feeling, or self-respect, or an atom of moral courage or honesty. He was Duke of Cornwall by birth, and was styled Prince of Wales, in public documents, from the year 1645, and not before; but there is no trace of any formal creation. A warrant for the expenses of his household in March, 1641, is addressed to the Receiver of the *King's* Treasure as *Prince of Wales*.

From Temple Bar.

## SITTING UP.

THERE are some persons so fortunate as to possess the power of abstracting their minds from surrounding disturbances, and of doing anything they please at any given moment. I have heard of an author who noted down material for an abstruse quarto volume in the several ten minutes which elapsed between dinner-time and dinner. I know a man who can fall asleep at the word of command, and wake when he pleases. Mr. Morphy can play a dozen games at chess all at once; and there are demigods who can compose a leading-article or an essay upon moral philosophy in a ball-room. Time, place, and circumstances these impossibles set at naught. They determine to fix their attention upon this, that, or the other, and by sheer force of will succeed. A multitude of sights and sounds and loose thoughts wander about, and struggle in vain to distract them. They sit, like the wizards of old, within a magic circle, round and round the outside of which those baffled demons, the sworn foes of application, wander and howl in impotent rage, as the ready pen chirps on. The present writer is not one of these potent ones. His magic circle is but a weak defence, and legion is the name of the mischievous sprites who cluster round its verge. Let him but encourage them with a glance or a passing thought, and—crash! there is a practical breach in the barrier, and in the enemy's storming party throng, pell-mell upon him. They dry up the ink upon his pen; they blot and crumple up the paper; they muddle his calculations into a horrible mass of meaningless figures; they seize the sentences, and twist and tangle them in his mind; they lay in ambush for the right word on its journey to the right place, and hurry it away to unexplored regions, whither his memory toils after it in vain. Does it ever strike you, O reader, to pause in the perusal of these and other pages, and wonder how they are filled? Do you think that an author's mind is a sort of spindle, which ambition or his daily wants can set twirling, and so produce these type-marks by the yard at will? There are men—may their shadows never be less!—who can do this thing; but I am not (worse luck for me) one of them. Set me down at my own old study-table, out of which ideas, as I verily believe, were generated,—for they are very slow to come if I lay

my paper on other manogany,—and I can plod along well enough. Let me once get warm into my subject elsewhere, and the printer's imp shall be satiated. But put me into strange quarters, and, handing me unfamiliar paper and wild pens, tell me *to begin*, and—Well, I think you had better be good enough to call again some day towards the end of next week for the short article you require. I was never more palpably impressed with my failing in this respect than one night a few months ago. I was not in my own house, or where my magic table stands. Something—no matter what—had happened to worry me during the day, and midnight found me “sitting up” for some one—no matter whom—and I was tired, restless, and alone. That I should be awake at that hour is nothing strange; but that, being awake, I should then, of all hours in the twenty-four, be idle, was curious; for the night to me, indeed, brings wisdom, and I have no busier time. But this night the demons aforesaid had broken in upon me, and, armed with adamantine chains, had fettered every faculty but that of fidgeting. They would not let me read; they would not let me write; they would not let me think. They turned the ticking of the clock into two bars of a tune that I detest, and dinned it into my ears over and over and over again. When, in despair, I gave the wretched timepiece a great shake and stopped it, they half stuffed up the water-pipe, and caused the gutter of the roof to overflow (for it was raining) into the balcony with a solemn, measured, equidistant drip! drip! drip! and fixed the sound upon my mind, so that I could tell to a nicety when it would come, and waited for it, counting the seconds, thereby making every ten minutes pass like an hour. Then there was the rattle of the cabs. The person I expected would come in a cab. At first they passed thick and fast; the theatres, concerts, and small tea-parties were breaking up, and people were going home to bed. Afterwards, as time wore on, their rattle died away, and each one that came along aroused expectancy, and disappointed it. First there was a distant rumble, and as it approached and sounded louder, my ear, now practised, could distinguish between the sharp clatter of the hansom or the lumbering jog of the four-wheeler. Nearer and nearer comes the sound. In a moment whatever makes it will be at

hand; but such moments are plaguy long ones, and all sorts of queer, discordant thoughts play leap-frog over each other in them. Will the coming cab turn down a by-street, or stop next door, or break down, or run away? Why does not the driver hit his horse, and come along faster? What is he like? How many capes has he to his coat? What sort of greatcoat shall I have next winter? Will the cabman dispute about his fare? If he does, will it be well to summons him? It is a bore to summons cabmen; but then if you don't do so when they are in the wrong, they are encouraged by success, and bully women and country clergymen and distinguished foreigners; yes, and Barclay and Perkins's draymen flogged Haynau, and he escaped in a cab. What can have become of that cab? The police-magistrates are rather hard upon cabbies sometimes; but they are not so stupid as country justices. What a mess they made of the Road murder; and how hard they were upon the poor fellow who slept out in the open air at Ryde, and the hungry widow who ate a turnip that the worms had done with! What a lot of murders, too, there have been! I would not live all alone for anything; and yet solitude has its advantages. There was nobody to murder Robinson Crusoe until the savages came; and then how was it that he made such good practice amongst them with his old ship's muskets? And will there not be firstrate shooting next year at Wimbledon? These are a good many ideas to be put in train by the rumble of a cab, and to pass through one's mind in a minute; but they, and many, many like them, came and passed away before the cab was in sight; and then, when the clatter was at the door, and my heart beat loudly, and I held my breath,—certain that *this one* would contain the expected,—it passed straight on, the clatter of the retreating hoofs died away slowly, and back again came the monotonous drip, drip, drip of the rain, that had been going on all the time, till my attention was distracted from it to another distant rumble, destined to swell and deceive and pass away, as before, into the dark, inclement night.

"Was ever man so plagued!" I exclaimed querulously, when this had happened for the twentieth time, and the answer to my complaint brought its cure. Why, yes, I thought; there are hundreds now "sitting up" in

London, not working for others, not amusing themselves, but merely waiting and watching, as I am now. Then pictures of those whom I had known to be thus employed "sitting up" passed one after the other before my closed eyes, and the demons had no power to blear them.

What is this?

The solid masonry of a handsome West-End mansion becomes transparent as plate-glass, and I see all that passes within. In a chamber on the second floor, furnished with curious simplicity, lies a gray-headed gentleman, evidently an old campaigner, sleeping heavily. He rests upon his old camp-bed, his old simple camp-furniture is around him, and his old sword hung in the place of honor above the mantelpiece. At ten o'clock his head was laid upon his hard pillow, and in five minutes he was in the land of dreams. He will be stirring at five in the morning, when he will light his lamp-stove and make his own coffee for breakfast. The clock has now just struck three, and some one is "sitting up." The watcher is a girl of about eighteen; she is not absolutely pretty, I think, at any time, but we see her to great disadvantage now, for her eyes are red with weeping, and her hair is all loosened where she has laid her head upon her hands, and is twisted up and thrust away behind her ears in disorder. But you can see that the face is a loving and a gentle one. She wears a simple evening-dress,—a spotted muslin, if I remember right, and holds a dark shawl tightly wrapped round her shoulders. (The gray morning is very chilly.) Lightly she trips down the silent stairs, and listens at the old man's door. His measured breathing shows her that he is still fast asleep, and with a sigh of relief she passes on. As she is about to descend farther, the opposite door opens, and a lady somewhat more advanced in life appears, and asks,—

"Is that you, Jessie?"

"Hush! yes."

"Has he come in yet?"

"No, dear, not yet."

"Is he often so late?"

"Oh, pray do not speak so loud. If papa were to hear!"

"My poor pet, how pale you look!" whispers the matron sister. "Go to bed, Jessie; I will sit up and let him in. Do go to bed now, Jessie."



"No, no," she replies, hurriedly disengaging herself from the sisterly arms. "You would not understand him. He would miss me, and perhaps make a noise. He was but a child when you married, and you have been so long away. I *must* wait up. See, there's little Charley waking; for Heaven's sake, Marion, go back to your room, and quiet him."

In an instant the young mother is at the side of her child, a blue-eyed, curly-pated boy of some three years old, the image of his absent sailor father. Little Charley is sitting up in his cot, frightened at waking and finding himself alone, and is making up his mind and his face for a cry.

"Mammie is with you, darling; mammie is here. Don't cry, dearie," whispers Marion, "or you will wake grandpapa."

"Charley wants 'oo to come to bye-bye 'ooself," says the child, in a sleepy voice; "why don't 'oo come to bye-bye, mammie? Is Uncle Will naughty again to-night?"

His mother, dashing away her tears, kisses him eagerly; and, sinking upon her knees beside the cot, cries in a voice half stifled with sobs, "O Charley, Charley! mother's blessing! mother's pride! pray to God, dear, with poor mother, that if he will spare you to be a man, you may not break poor mammie's heart."

Meanwhile, Jessie has passed down into the hall; has drawn noiselessly the bolts of the street-door; has undone the chain; has hitched back the catch of the lock; and stands leaning her aching temples against the cold wall, gazing anxiously through the narrow porch-window up the deserted street, watching for a profligate brother's return.

He is only just twenty-two; has a pleasant home and a good allowance. He makes a mere caravanserai of the one, and squanders a quarter's instalment of the other in a fortnight. Twice has his father had to withdraw a considerable sum from what should be Jessie's dowry to pay the spendthrift's debts; and the old soldier has sworn a round oath that not another shilling shall he have to save him from a gaol. When the last payment was made, he had nearly seen the interior of one, and was very penitent, declaring that, if extricated only this once, he would give up forever and a day those disreputable haunts where his wild oats have been sown; would live within his means,

and never, never, never be out of the house later than twelve o'clock at night.

Why, then, is Jessie "sitting up," and what has become of her pretty bracelets?

Ah, me! Providence never creates a scamp without providing a gentle, loving woman to worship him, and to be trampled upon in return.

Where is Jessie's brother now? Shall we follow him into the society he prefers to that of his home? I think not. Enough be it to say that he is "having his fling" in one of Satan's anterooms situated near the Haymarket, pouring out libations of sparkling Moselle upon the shrine of the most highly decorated Thais of modern times.

Heathen mythology set down a volcanic region in Sicily as the threshold of the infernal abodes. Should a modern Æneas wish to travel thither, let him start from London's glaring Haymarket, and easy shall be his downward path.

Presently Jessie's brother will reel homeward. She will see him afar off, and have the door open when he staggers up; will take off his muddy boots with her delicate hands; will lead him to bed, and watch by him till he is deep in drunken slumber. Then she may go to rest herself, and there will be no more "sitting up" for her till to-morrow night.

Come with me out of London,—east, west, north, or south,—which way you please, so that we go far enough into the border land that divides town and country, and we shall find another "sitter-up." This is the region where eligible plots of ground are to be let on building leases; where the half-made roads are lumbered up with heaps of building materials, and full of pitfalls for unwary travellers; where gaunt lines of unfinished houses stand up in the night air, like the skeletons of departed streets; and tall scaffolding poles, planted on end, in the distance, mark where the devouring city is going to eat its way into the green fields. Come with me thither at midnight, I say, and we shall find another "sitting up."

The wooden bridge over the little stream, soon to be civilized into a sewer, has to be pulled down, and replaced by a more substantial structure; and as the course of the old road has to be turned, and is rendered dangerous by excavations, and the piles of iron pipes, timber, and bricks that are scat-

tered about, a coal-fire is let into a sort of brazier to warn such as may pass by, and a some one is "sitting up" to "mind" it.

This "sitter-up" is generally a laborer who has met with an accident, or is too old to work. He must be a steady man to be employed upon such a duty; for should he fall asleep or absent himself, and so let the fire out, and you or I are driving along in our gigs and are shot out into a thousand of bricks, and break our necks or our horses' knees, the contractor will find his name upon the wrong side of a V. on the lists of one of her Majesty's superior Courts of Common Law. Therefore this "sitter-up" is a man well advanced in life, a silent man, and one who moves about slowly, doing such a simple thing as taking up a stone and putting it down again in thirteen movements, each performed with an amount of deliberation sufficient to give you the fidgets for the rest of the day. He stoops very much in his gait; and his arms, as they dangle listlessly from his shoulders, give you the idea that they are upon the point of dropping off. He is not communicative. His expression is that peculiar one of profound meditation which you find upon the countenance of omnibus-drivers, tap-room frequenters, the waitresses in railway refreshment-rooms, the unemployed crew of steamboats and barges, and others whom you know, by long and careful observation, not to think at all. When the bricklayers and carpenters are about to give up work for the day, you may see this "sitter-up" wandering about the half-finished houses, picking up chips and pieces of wood to light his fire; and as night comes on you will find him *sitting* upon a low pile of bricks close beside it, under the lee of some old tarpauling, stretched over broken scaffolding poles into a sort of half-tent, half-screen, which he has built up as a protection against the wind, smoking a very short black pipe solemnly. A tramp or two may pass by during his vigil, and wish him "good-night," but will get no greeting in return. Our "sitter-up" does not affect tramps. He has to watch the surrounding property as well as the fire, and tramps have a great *penchant* for the bells, gas-fittings, leaden pipes, brass door-handles, and other removable metal-work of untenanted houses. In the early morning the market-carts will go by, the horses knowing their way blindfold into London, and the drivers fast asleep

amongst the cabbages; but they do not disturb him. As the light increases, the fire gets paler and paler, till it quite dies out. The carpenters and bricklayers and other artificers arrive one by one to begin the day's work,—that is, if they have not got up a "strike" for a whole day's wages for half a day's work,—and then our "sitter-up" goes home to breakfast and to bed. If he has a wife, she is very likely to be in charge of some new house "to be let;" and when you go over it at midday will ask you "to please not to go over such and such a room, because her master is there asleep." For his "sitting up" he will be paid perhaps a shilling a night, and, if a cripple, will get as much as three and sixpence a week from his club, always provided that same club has not dissipated the funds intended for the maintenance of its old and incapable members by supporting "strikes;" so that, what with his wife's washing, and living rent-free, and some little perquisites out of coals for the fire, he is not so badly off as things go. So wishing him good-night, let us turn back townwards; and now for a very different person "sitting up."

He has chambers in the Albany, a shooting-box in Scotland, and a yacht at Southampton. His age is thirty-one; he has twelve thousand a year, and—something else. He has had half a dozen jolly fellows to supper to-night, and there has been some playing at loo and other diversions at his expense. The last of his guests has departed now, and he is "sitting up." Why? He has no work to do; he has no one to wait for. It is half-past two o'clock. There, in the next room, is his luxurious bed. Why does he not seek it? Simply because, if he went to bed, he might fall asleep, and then—ugh! the ugly dreams. Look at him in the daytime, hanging about his club or prancing in Rotten Row, and you would think there was not a happier young fellow upon town. His face is a little red and bloated, to be sure; but what of that? At night, when surrounded by friends, or in some place of amusement or public resort, he is apparently an enviable person; but at home, alone with his valet, he would shriek, or perhaps fall into a fit, if he were for a moment left *quite* alone. He is a wretch who would gladly change places with the meanest beggar in the streets. The "something else" that he has got besides twelve thousand a year is *delirium tremens*.

So, when the guests have all left, and his valet proceeds to fasten the outer door, this miserable creature whimpers after him like a frightened child, and follows him into the passage holding him by the coat, begging and praying that he will not leave him, swearing and abusing and bribing him never to go out of sight, and not to let *them* come in to-night. Then he will sit down by the fire, and moan and cry, and curse his patient servant for letting the snakes get upon the table, until at last he falls asleep from sheer exhaustion, and is carried off to bed. Not a pleasant picture this "sitting up." It will not last long.

One more, and I have done. We must go back into the suburbs, near where the fire was.

The new streets are as quiet as the grave, not even a policeman stirring. In all this long row of neat little villas, that stand two and two in patches of gardens, each trying to look as though the other belonged to it, I can see but one window that is lighted up. Quick, Asmodeus! strip me off the front of this house, that I may search it for "sitters-up." No great labor is before me, for it is only a size or two larger than a spacious doll's "house." There is a miniature garden, which leads to a miniature porch, through which you pass into a miniature hall, out of which you turn into a miniature parlor, which would be the smallest in the world if it did not lead through folding-doors into one smaller still. Each apartment has its miniature white marble mantelpiece, and the front one looks out through a miniature bow-window, shaded with miniature Venetian blinds, into the miniature garden. At the end of the passage is a miniature kitchen, and above are three miniature bedrooms and a doll's cupboard, which under a powerful lens would look what it is called, a "dressing-room." The carpets are all new, and so is the sideboard in the front parlor; but the looking-glass over the mantelpiece and some of the chairs are of the straight up-and-down patterns that one never sees now-a-days except in second-rate brokers' shops and old posting hotels that railways have driven into a state of cretinism. Small as they are, the rooms strike you as looking bare. There are no ornaments; all the furniture is for use, and wonderfully neat and spotless it is. Let me try and read the history of this house and its "sitters-up"

before they speak. One is an old lady with a widow's cap and a mourning dress; the other—there are but two—is a young lady, evidently her daughter. The former has been reading Blair's Sermons, and the book is lying in her lap with her hands folded over it, whilst she gazes into the fire. The latter has been busy working little pieces of linen and cambric and lace and very fine flannel into strange shapes; making little caps and frocks and warm garments, perhaps for the doll to whom the house belongs, or who will take possession shortly. But her work has fallen unheeded to the ground, and leaning her head upon her hand she has given herself up to meditations which cast the shadow of pain over her pretty face. Poor young thing, not yet nineteen, a wife, and soon to be a mother! Will the shadow deepen as the night goes on? There is a tray covered up carefully with a coarse but snowy cloth upon the sideboard, and over it the portrait of a gentleman dressed in the costume of 1810. A handsome, dashing-looking fellow he must have been in his prime,—too dashing, I am afraid; for I fancy that I can see in the few pieces of handsome but old-fashioned furniture that look so unwieldy in the little room, the fragments of a wreck. The homely repast in the tray is not spread for him. The rusty black crape and the widow's cap are, I am sure, worn in his memory. They are "sitting up" for some one else. There is a look of carelessness and irresolution in the handsome face. I can imagine such things as life-insurances suffered to drop, and evil days put off, till one most evil came, and found the widow and the orphan thrown penniless upon the world.

The striking of the cheap French clock rouses the old lady from a doze.

"Two o'clock!" she exclaims, throwing up her hands. "Well, if it is not scandalous, Bessie, keeping you up in this way—in your condition, too! Oh, men are always selfish!" and the old lady shakes her head pettishly.

"Dear mother," replies Bessie, in a tone which implies there is no novelty in the complaint, "you know he cannot help it. Besides; he does not wish me to sit up."

"Then why do you?"

"Oh, I like to give him his supper, poor dear, after his hard night's work."

"Night's work!" retorts the old lady,

"that's just it; why can't he work in the daytime, like a Christian?"

"I think I have told you before, mamma," replies Bessie, very quietly, "that it is the duty of a sub-editor to see the paper 'put to bed,' as they call it; and this cannot be done till the very last moment, in order that the very latest news may be printed."

"Then why is John a sub-editor?" is the querulous demand. "Your poor father could not abide editors. If your husband *must* write, why can't he be secretary to some nobleman, or go into the Treasury?—there are some very gentlemanly appointments, I hear, in the Treasury." She speaks as though he had only to walk in at the door and ask for five hundred a year!

"John has no interest, dear," replies Bessie, taking up her work again. "We have reason to be very thankful that he has his present engagement. There are so many clever men about now; none so clever as he is, though," the young wife adds; and a flash of pride lights up her eye, though a tear has fallen from her cheek upon the little lace cap that her busy fingers are shaping.

"Then," says the old lady, coming again to the charge, "why don't he *do* something clever? If he must write, why don't he write some book that will make his fortune, like the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Johnson's Dictionary*, or the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or—  
—or—"

A rattle in the lock of the outer door puts an abrupt check to these valuable suggestions, and in a moment John—the breadwinner—is in his wife's arms. Do you know the look of a man who has done a hard day's work and is pleased with it? Well, John has that look. His shirt is tumbled, his hands are grimy with dust and ink, his light curly hair is in wild disorder; but there is no mistaking him for other than a thorough gentleman and an honest and loving man. Nimble fingers whisk away the snowy cloth from over the tray, and lo! there is disclosed a prime little piece of cold stewed beef, a crusty loaf, a saucerful of walnut pickles, and a bottle of bitter beer,—a supper for an emperor, provided he is hungry and has a good digestion. Bessie is here and there and everywhere all at once. She is taking off John's coat; she is putting on his slippers; she is opening his bottle of beer; she is filling his plate with good things; she is kiss-

ing him. When he is well settled down to his repast, she goes over to the old lady and kisses her; and the old lady tries to look stern, and fails miserably. It is a very pleasant scene. I see no wreck now. I see the good ship Perseverance beating up against wind and tide to weather Cape Independence. Every sail is set, all lumber is cleared away, and John Prince is at the helm. *Bon voyage*, John Prince! The breakers that lay ahead a few hours ago are away yonder upon your quarter, far to leeward; and the white foam dashes madly over their jagged heads as your gallant bark speeds onwards.

There is an expression upon John's face that I cannot quite make out. He chuckles slyly to himself now and then, and looks a look over at his mother-in-law, as she sits dosing by the fire which says as plainly as these types could render it, "You are a very nice old lady; but two's company, and three's none."

Perhaps the old lady sees that John has something for his wife's ear; at any rate, she lights her candle and wishes them good-night, declaring—not for the first time—that he ought to be ashamed of himself for keeping such profligate hours. Whereat John, who has risen and opened the door for her, throws his arm round the place where once was her waist, and kisses her violently, to her intense astonishment.

When she has gone, he returns to the fire-side, and placing his two hands on Bessie's shoulders, gazes steadfastly into her great honest eyes. Then he draws her towards him, and lays her head upon his bosom, and softly and tenderly caresses it—there—as though she had been a hurt child, and he was soothing her to forget the pain.

"I have been working very hard for these last three weeks, Bessie."

"You have indeed, dearie."

"And have kept you up very late on Friday nights."

"Not very late, dear," she murmurs, creeping closer into his arms.

"Mr. Clancey is no better."

"Oh, dear; then you'll have more hard work. When will he come back?"

"Never, Bessie."

"Is he dead?" she asked, with a start.

"No; that is to say, not as you mean. He has got brain disease; and the doctors say he must travel abroad, and not write or read a



line for three years. Poor Clancey is dead to literature, Bessie, and the *Excelsior* must look out for a new editor."

There is a great flutter in the heart that beats against his own; the gentle arms that are around him tremble.

"O John," she murmurs, "after all you've done—could not you—would it be right for—oh, I don't know, but—might there not be a chance, a little chance, John, of—of—"

"Of what, my pet?"

"Of your becoming—of your—oh, you know what I mean. If you were not so proud, and would ask, after all that you have done—"

"You would have me ask to be made editor of the *Excelsior*, Bessie?"

"Not for my sake, dear," she replies, quickly, "but for the child—O John, John!" and she hid her face and wept.

"Bessie," he says, firmly, "I will never ask for this."

Then she looked him in the face, gave a long deep sigh, and wiping away her tears kissed him on the forehead, saying—nothing.

"I will not ask for this," he repeats, pressing her with exultation to his heart. "It is mine without asking. It was offered me this night in the handsomest manner. I am a made man, Bessie. My salary is more than trebled from this day. No more want, no more care, true wife; no more—"

"Yes, it is I; and a pretty fellow you are to sit up for a man, and keep him ringing at the bell for three-quarters of an hour! I've been obliged to commit a burglary to get in," said my expected one, pushing up the window and entering my room, wet through, from the balcony.

I had been so intent thinking of other people's "sitting up" that I forgot my own.

A book has just been published in London by Longman & Co., entitled "Incidents in my Life, by D. D. Home." It will be remembered that the author was, perhaps still is, in high favor at the French court. He married the sister of a Russian count.

The magazines and reviews have long articles about this book, which we have been too busy to read carefully; but the following extract is very suggestive. Wordsworth and we have always seen and felt that much can be learned from children. Growth into maturity clouds "the clear conscience of a child." Perhaps the very least contact with "the world" dims the intellect, as well as the morals. We know that it entirely cuts off all clear memory of the former state of existence, leaving only such an occasional indistinct trace of previous life, as plunges us into reverie and vain longing.

Some of the readers of *The Living Age* may have been sceptical about the authenticity of Spiritual Rappings. Such a personal experience as is here recorded by Mr. Home would certainly relieve them of all doubt.

"On the 26th April, old style, or 8th May, according to our style, at seven in the evening, and as the snow was fast falling, our little boy was born at the town house, situate on the Gagarines Quay, in St. Petersburg, where we were still staying. A few hours after his birth, his mother,

the nurse, and I, heard for several hours the warbling of a bird as if singing over him. Also that night, and for two or three nights afterwards, a bright, starlike light, which was clearly visible from the partial darkness of the room, in which there was only a night-lamp burning, appeared several times directly over its head, where it remained for some moments, and then slowly moved in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. This was also seen by each of us at the same time. The light was more condensed than those which have been so often seen in my presence upon previous and subsequent occasions. It was brighter and more distinctly globular. I do not believe that it came through my mediumship, but rather through that of the child, who has manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift. I do not like to allude to such a matter, but as there are more strange things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of, even in my philosophy, I do not feel myself at liberty to omit stating, that during the latter part of my wife's pregnancy, we thought it better that she should not join in seances, because it was found that whenever the rappings occurred in the room, a simultaneous movement of the child was distinctly felt, perfectly in unison with the sounds. When there were three sounds, three movements were felt, and so on, and when five sounds were heard, which is generally the call for the alphabet, she felt the five internal movements, and she would frequently, when we were mistaken in the letter, correct us from what the child indicated."

From *The Spectator*.

## AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.\*

THERE are few English children who have not read Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth; or the Exile of Siberia." Indeed we confess to a secret fear that it is from this source most of the popular impressions of Siberia, its climate, its colonists, and its horrors, have been derived. If any one wishes in manhood to revive to the full his childish impression, the vague fear of that awful land, the only country which, as a country, Englishmen really dread, and hold apparently beyond the reach of travellers or discoveries, the notion of boundless distance, impassable snow and every Arctic difficulty which that book produced on the child, he has only to read M. Pietrowski's narrative. It is very short, barely two hundred pages, very simply told, and marked by a thoughtfulness and want of malice which have brought upon the author the censure and almost the contempt of his countrymen. After sufferings such as inspire the reader with a cold rage against the government, which could inflict them, he judges the authors of his misery with the calmness of a spectator, suggests the excuses involved in their situations, and records with a painful fairness the smallest alleviation which they consciously or unconsciously allowed. The book might have been written by Valjean, after he had suffered the same journey, and affords a proof of the real power over the spirit exercised by that high and mystic form of Catholicism towards which the better-class Poles sometimes tend.

M. Rufin Pietrowski is a Polish exile, residing apparently in Paris, who in 1842 felt stricken with that most irresistible of all desires, which, half in contempt as a race given to emigration, and half in sympathy, as one secretly devoted to England, we term homesickness. Although exiled by decree, he resolved to run all risks and return to the Ukraine. A kindly American, whose acquaintance he made in a hospital, furnished him with a passport, signed by Lord Cowley, in favor of a Maltese. Armed with this document, which, had it been genuine, would, according to M. Pietrowski have protected him even in Russia, he made his way to Kamniec, in Podolia, and endeavored to live as a foreign teacher of languages. He suc-

ceeded for months, though he was compelled to live in Polish houses, professing ignorance of his mother tongue, and ran the risk every day of betraying himself by some involuntary exclamation. He remained, however, undiscovered, till some accident, or the imprudence of the few friends to whom he revealed his true character, betrayed him and he was arrested. Taken before the governor, he adhered to his disguise, and the official, in spite of excellent information, was half in doubt, till a spasm of frankness, to which Poles are liable—in this, as in so many respects, resembling Frenchmen—compelled him to break out in passionate Polish. He was sent to Kiew, chained with rings round his ankles, so small that they inflicted intolerable pain, and examined before Prince Bibikov, a name almost unknown in Western Europe but which appears to have been full of terror for Poles. This man, though an object of universal abhorrence, treated him with some courtesy, apparently because he was of birth technically noble; had his cell cleaned when it swarmed with vermin, which his chained hands forbade him to kill; and finally relieved him of the fetters placed on his arms. He, however, maintained a terrible discipline; a sentry caught conversing with the prisoner received sixty blows with rods, and a soldier was ordered to stand incessantly looking through the wicket-door into the cell. This became to the prisoner, probably a sensitive, though strong-nerved man, a terrible torture.

"That strange eye, impassable and implacable, which meets yours at every moment—that eye which follows you everywhere and at all times—becomes to you a sort of infernal providence; and I abandon the task of making any one understand what it is that the prisoner feels who, from the instant he wakes in the morning, sees from his bed those two eyes pointed towards him like two stilettoes. Will it be believed, from the earliest dawn I longed for the night, even after a night which had been already very long and rayless?—for then, at least, I was protected from those two eyes. Sometimes, impatient and distracted, I would go up to the loophole and oppose my feverish glare to those two persecuting eyes; and then I laughed like a savage, when I obliged the man to turn away for a moment."

Pietrowski, was at length sentenced for having returned from exile to degradation from his rank and penal servitude for life in Siberia. The first part of the sentence is a

\**Recollections of Siberia.* By Rufin Pietrowski. Translated from the French. Longmans.

degradation, exposure in the pillory, followed by two blows in the face, from which the wife of a noble has been known to become insane, but M. Pietrowski seems to have been sent at once to his destination. He was despatched with convicts and in chains, but, as a noble, he rode in a carriage; and the same fact probably fixed his final residence at Tara, on the banks of the Irtysh, and in the district nearest to civilization. Here he became, in fact, a slave, employed in hodman's work, and warned by his fellow political captives that nothing but abject submission could save him from blows and torture. He was employed side by side with real criminals, usually murderers, one of whom had endured and survived the awful torture of the gauntlet. He himself was branded on the forehead and the cheeks to ensure recognition; but, though he awoke every day in fear of the rods, he continued to escape them by excessive care not to give or take any offence. He had reason for his precaution.

"Some years before my arrival at Ekaterinski-Zavod, there was a Russian General, N—, who had been condemned by Nicholas to penal servitude in Siberia. The *Smotritel*, respecting the high position and the advanced age of the prisoner, set him to the lightest and least painful tasks, and admitted him to society and his table. Unluckily, the general sometimes forgot himself (especially if he drank a little too much), and, taking up the tone of a senior and superior officer, showed himself recalcitrant. The inspector then had him chained to the furnace of the distillery, and obliged him for a month or a fortnight, during the extreme cold of winter, to keep up the fires. The general, overheated and covered with sweat and ashes, promised to amend, and recommenced his familiarities with the *Smotritel* and other functionaries, only to find himself again another time by the furnace. Having spent several years in this way at the *katorga*, he was pardoned by the Tzar, and restored to his old rank as a general officer."

An Abbé, and other exiles of some degree, who planned to overturn the government, were by order of the emperor deliberately flogged to death with rods. In this horrible abode he remained two years, when the Emperor Nicholas, in 1845, suddenly ordered new measures of severity, among other things directing all the prisoners hitherto lodged in huts to herd together in barracks. Pietrow-

ski could bear his situation no longer, and as he had long determined to prevent personal chastisement by suicide, he resolved on flight over the Oural Mountains and across the steppes of Petchoura to Archangel. His beard had grown, his dress was that of a *moujik*; he had been clerk in the works for a year, and earned two hundred francs, and he had forged a passport on stamped paper. Armed with these resources, he set out on his lonely journey of nearly twelve hundred miles. He lived usually in the forest, sleeping on or under the snow, eating frozen bread, and begging at infrequent huts a few mouthfuls of turnip soup, not because it was nourishing, but because it was warm. We cannot recount the incidents of the journey, which are told with a gentle forbearance inexpressibly touching, but after months of suffering Pietrowski, disguised as a bohodomets, or pilgrim, reached Archangel. Here, though hundreds of vessels reached the place, he found escape impossible, every vessel, even the smallest, being guarded by a Russian sentry, and communication with foreigners all but impossible. He therefore resumed his journey, reached St. Petersburg, and obtained almost by a miracle a passage for Riga, whence he travelled to Konisberg,—only to be arrested once more. After his fearful journey he was discovered, and peremptory orders arrived from Berlin to surrender him to the Russian Government, who would have returned him to Siberia to die by the torture. We only wonder he did not on the spot commit suicide; but men are better than their laws. The officials gave him time to escape; Robert Blum, the bookseller whom Prince Windischgrätz shot, gave him funds, and he reached Paris once more in safety, only to return to Galicia to join in another, and unsuccessful Polish revolt. Everywhere in the steppe he met with kindness; but everywhere his book leaves a startling impression of the awful elements of revolt, the bitter, silent, concentrated hate of authority which must exist in Russia. The impression is deepened by his moderation, and by a literary style which, through two translations, is still perceptible, and suggests a nature possessed of every faculty nature can give, but overwhelmed and almost cowed by an almost Asiatic sadness. It is a charming book.

From The Saturday Review.

GEORGE SAND.\*

THERE are many persons who gain nothing whatever from reading French novels; and many more who get only harm from them. They breathe a very different atmosphere from that to which we are accustomed. Their virtues are not our virtues, and their vices are vices which we are rightly taught to shun. English education and the whole English theory of morals, although much the best on the face of the earth, have the imperfection of bearing very badly any alien admixture; and, to many minds, a composition not framed on the English model, and not written on English principles, brings with it a temporary dissolution of the best ties and a temporary abandonment of the best ideas which have been previously accepted. We imbibe the bad much more easily than the good of foreign literature. Still, French literature is too interesting and too accessible to be relinquished on account of its possible bad effects. People will read French novels; and putting aside the pleasure to be derived from them, they are absolutely indispensable to any one who wishes to understand France. The highest literature of every country is European rather than national. Great poets and philosophers deal with the passions and the problems common to man, and political writers, like Guizot and Tocqueville, address themselves to all in every country who can understand them. Theology has ceased to be an exponent of national thought, and fiction is now the vehicle through which the floating opinions and creeds of those most alive in each country to the impressions prevailing there find a vent. At least, this is true of the only two countries, England and France, where there is a living literature; and in France, of all the novel-writers of the last twenty years, the most instructive, the most genuine, the most original is George Sand. There are many other writers from whom a finer and truer analysis of French society may be obtained; there are many that have more of French wit, and who represent more faithfully the Parisian way of viewing and settling the universe; but she alone represents that strange union of nobleness and poetry and elevation with wild morality which is so astonishing to English readers, which exists only on the Continent,

\* *Quelques Mots sur mes Romans.* Par George Sand. Paris: E. Jung-Treuttel. 1862.

and the existence of which it is so difficult and yet so necessary to realize if we are to understand France, and the Continent of which France is still the moving spirit. It is true that France in recent years has grown rapidly demoralized, and that George Sand has no successor. But still it would be very unfair not to acknowledge that that which we find best in her is historically characteristic of the nation, and we can never really learn so much of a people from a writer who represents its worst, as from one who represents its best side. If *Fanny* really represented France, its lot would be worse than that of Sodom and Gomorrah; but a nation which claims to be represented, however partially, by *Mauprat* and *Valentine*, cannot be considered altogether unworthy and degraded.

When a cheap edition of her collected works was published some years ago, George Sand wrote a series of short prefaces to the novels as they successively appeared, and these prefaces have now been collected into a separate publication. They would be wholly uninteresting to a reader not previously familiar with her writings; but any one who knows the novels themselves will find it quite worth while to read these short statements of the author's circumstances and views at the time of writing them. The general burden of all her remarks is, that she wrote spontaneously, without premeditation, and as the fancy seized her. She had no theory of marriage which she wished to recommend—she had no creed or disbelief which she wished to maintain. She wrote socialistic novels without troubling herself to master the details and difficulties of socialism. It is quite evident that she is speaking the truth; and it is precisely because she adopted thus naturally, and without inquiry or reflection, the current principles and theories of French society, that she is so instructive. She is admirably free from that pestilent art of putting sophisms in a consecutive shape which her countrymen call logic. She found marriage everywhere treated as the beginning of love for a young woman. She did not set to work to frame an ideal state of society in which love should precede marriage. She found a condition of religion in which the most monstrous vagaries of scepticism confronted the rigidity, the fervor, and the pettiness of Catholicism. She did not set herself to devise an ideal of the Christian Church. She might



have done better if she had labored after these ideals, but she would have been wholly unlike a Frenchwoman. What she did was to accept the framework which her country offered her, and to embody on the enclosed canvas her own ardor for what she thought right, her determination to get to the end of all feelings she thought justifiable, her keen relish of art, her genuine love of simple pleasures.

Such a book as *Lélia*, the novel in which she describes her doubts, and revels in all the abysses of scepticism, is a mere tissue of blasphemous nonsense, if we judge it only by the results to which it leads. No one is made happier or better by reading it. Its philosophy is nothing but a senseless screech against God. But all philosophy about religion that stops half-way is much the same, only that it may be expressed with more or less of sobriety. The thinking man kicks against the pricks of his position in the universe. If he thinks long enough, he will generally come round to the conclusion either that "God is great," or that all thought is vanity. But impulsive, imaginative writers, accustomed and encouraged by success to write down and publish all their passing thoughts and fancies, do not wait for this conclusion to come upon them. George Sand said that she felt doubts, or rather that she felt an interest in religious problems. She immediately wrote a novel about them. She put her floating theories into the most exaggerated shape which fancy suggested, and which her wonderful mastery of style enabled her to command. In France this may be done. A woman is quite at liberty to shriek about the universe if she likes; and in *Lélia* we see how it may be done. In England we manage things differently. We do not want to have people here pouring out their crude philosophy, or sounding the abyss of doubt, or calling God to the tiny bar of their babyish insolence. We think them silly and wicked if they do anything of the sort, and we tell them so, and kick them and keep them under if they defy our prohibition. This saves us from much nonsense, and keeps up a general atmosphere of respectability. We are probably quite right, and society gains, on the whole, when it thus insists that every one shall either walk in the beaten paths, or else hold their tongue. But all people do not submit quite calmly to this control, and, if their spirit of rebellion is not

quite strong enough to make them openly defy their censors, they yet turn with avidity to a foreign literature in which there is no reticence; and George Sand, although no philosopher, has yet the great attraction of genuineness and of ardor, both in feeling and expression. And, theoretically, such books as *Lélia* are perhaps justifiable. Wild doubts and a keen sense of pain at the mystery of things are unquestionably among the most vivid, if among the most occasional and temporary, of human feelings. If literature sets itself to record all vivid human feelings, why not these among others? The English way of expressing doubt is, in some degree, absurd. In England the doubts are always the doubts of other people, over which the happy writer is triumphant. They are not doubts at all. The only reply is, that practically we find we get on better without the expression of doubts. No one has really got anything new to say, and, as wise men come round to belief or silence, it is no use vexing ourselves about their half-way fancies. This is sensible; but it is not difficult to understand that there is another way of looking at the matter, and that imaginative foreigners view with some contempt this reduction of literature within the limits of practical sense.

George Sand tells us that she early repudiated the mysterious maxim of "art for art." If she understood it rightly, it meant that art ought only to occupy itself with those subjects which an artist could approach in a purely artistic frame of mind—things, that is, that did not concern him, and had no concern with what he personally felt and saw and underwent. If any one ever held such a theory of art, George Sand may safely say that she has uniformly defied it. The subjects of which she treats have been suggested to her either by the thoughts which the circumstances of her life brought home to her, or by the places in which she lived. She married unhappily, and the best of all her novels, *Mauprat*, was, she tells us, composed at the time when she was applying to a tribunal for a judicial separation. It occurred to her to ask what was the ideal of that state the reality of which she found so dismal. To love but once and to love forever struck her as the most complete contrast, and *Mauprat* was written to describe the feelings of a man who never loved but once, who married, and early lost the object of his devotion. Some-

times it was a mere social difficulty that occupied her. She was, for example, so struck with the problem as to the proper course to be pursued by a husband who finds himself in the way, that she could not do less than write a novel to explain how easily an honorable man might conclude that the best and handsomest solution would be to kill himself. But her impressibility and the liveliness of her mind are chiefly illustrated by the great use she has made of the scenery and the home life in which her time has been mostly passed. The wild savage desolation and the primitive rusticity of Berry, where her country home is situated, and Venice, the city where she felt most profoundly the feelings that a city can awaken, have been the two great sources on which she has drawn. It is, perhaps, because she has thus depicted the rural life of France, and given its local coloring to the representation of an Italian city, that her writings seem to foreigners to express more of the general mind of France than the compositions of authors who have been exclusively Parisian.

An author who surveys his past compositions, and introduces them again to the public, naturally makes the best of what he sees before him; and George Sand does not allude to what might offend us in the several tales she notices. She passes over the absurdity, the coarseness, the extravagance of her writings by telling us that they were intended as studies of character. We are not to judge her or her books by what she pleases to tell us. Yet we think she is right in her main assertion, that she has always tried to keep up a high standard; for, according to French ways of thinking, her standard is in its way a high one. She is thoroughly in earnest in her respect for the poor, her sense of the worth of true affection, and her love of

equity. She can say, without hesitation, that she has often followed where she thought it right to go, although pecuniary temptation was strong the other way. She has often written too much, too inconsiderately, and too stupidly, in order to get money; but she has never stooped to please the public, and think what would sell. She even assures us that, in fiction, she has often resisted her natural bent in the direction of dramatic and startling incidents, and has devoted herself to the tranquil analysis of character, simply because she thought that in her generation the habit of writing sensation novels had become far too strong. She also sought for herself and others a refuge from the stirring days of the 1848 revolution in the contemplation of the quietest and most soothing form of life she could dream of. Her prose idyls were composed that stories of the homely worth of villagers, and of their rude tenderness, might offer a shelter to troubled minds from the presence of the bitter hatred, jealousy, and fury of the time. Certainly the contrast between the excitement of a barricade and the quietude of *La Petite Fadette* is as complete as anything could be. We hope that her thoughtfulness for her countrymen was appreciated by them. Since that time she has gone on writing, but, as is the case with all authors who write for thirty years as hard as they can, she has lost her early vivacity and her wealth of fancy. She no longer adds to her fame, but neither does she detract from it. Her best works remain, and will long remain, among the most characteristic and the most splendid monuments of that outpouring of French literature the period of which happened to be almost exactly coterminous with the duration of constitutional government in France.

Good results are already apparent from the Salmon Fishery Commission, as it appears that more salmon have been seen in English rivers than for many years past. In some places, the pools have seemed alive with large fish that were unable to force their way up shallows. In the west of Ireland, a "fish-walk" has been made in the rocky channel which connects Lough Mask with Lough Corrib, and salmon can now pass up or down freely. A resident in the neighborhood has distributed more than 700,000 salmon ova into the streams around the lakes, and has turned

forty adult salmon loose in Lough Corrib. If these can only get fair-play, there will be a superabundance of salmon in that part of Ireland in the course of a few years.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A WAY to dress

In the mode, I guess,  
Picks a husband's bones quite clean,  
And poor Mr. Spratt  
Must cry "No fat,"  
And his wife will *cri-no-line*.

From The Saturday Review.

ROMANTIC EPISODES.\*

It would be very difficult to anticipate the contents of this volume on hearing its title. It chiefly consists of a selection of passages from Froissart, Sully, Commines, Brantôme, and some of the less known chroniclers of France. It also contains extracts from mediæval romances, and it finishes with two of the most successful efforts of Montaigne's philosophical rhetoric. All these extracts have been translated by Mr. Vance, and a long preface instructs us in the principles on which his translation has been made. He maintains, with great earnestness, that modern writers and readers are too mealy-mouthed, and that we cannot pretend to reproduce the effect of old writers unless we adopt their bold use of words and phrases which refinement has taught us to consider coarse. We should be inclined to assent to the doctrine if it were really raised by the passages selected. But this volume carefully shirks all expressions and allusions that could frighten the most fastidious. The only approach to freedom is the retention of a few strong mediæval oaths; but a modern reader would indeed be over-scrupulous if he could not bear to reflect that the ages of chivalry swore in their own peculiar way. The translation is often vigorous and generally idiomatic, and it has an air of antiquity about it which may fairly be claimed as a success, although a little investigation will show that it is principally obtained by an absence of grammar and of copulative conjunctions, and by arranging the words so that the nominative case is kept as long as possible out of sight. However, there is not much fault to find with the translation, and the author is probably right in pointing out, as he repeatedly does, that his vocabulary is copious, apt, and telling. The selections make up a very agreeable whole, although there is no further connection between them than that they all belong to the French literature before the classical era, and that they have all pleased their translator. Few English readers are familiar with even the best-known of the passages translated, and fewer still have any knowledge of the obscurer writers from whose pages specimens have

\* *Romantic Episodes of Chivalric and Mediæval France.* To which are appended some few passages from Montaigne. Now done into English by Alexander Vance. London: Manwaring. 1862.

been extracted. This volume, therefore, opens a very easy path to a literature which is very agreeable if we can avoid having too much of it, and escape paying for our enjoyment of its lively parts by being obliged to read its tedious parts. Mr. Vance has produced a volume which has the double merit of being pleasant to read and of introducing us to a literature of which it is highly worth while to have at least a general impression.

Mr. Vance calls his selections "Romantic Episodes," and undoubtedly there is something running through most of his extracts which answers to what we usually term romantic. There is a preponderance of the unbusiness-like; there is an atmosphere of loyalty, devotion, and adventure; and yet, as we pass from one of these remains of the ages of romance to another, we are struck not only by the presence of romance but by the absence of it. We very much doubt whether there was ever any more romance in the world than there is now. Common sense and the desire of selfish aggrandisement had quite as much sway in the Middle Ages as at any other time. Probably the two signs of romance which would occur to any one immediately as the most characteristic are the engagement in distant and perilous enterprises, such as the Crusades, from religious enthusiasm, and the devotion of faithful knights to the thought of an idolized mistress. There is quite enough material in this volume to make us suspect that these characteristics were very seldom seen in the times when we fancy they were most common. One of the most entertaining of the specimens given by Mr. Vance in an argument between two knights as to the expediency and obligation of joining a Crusade. The knight who argues against going has much the best of it, and he remarks, without being contradicted by his companion, that it was very odd, if crusading was a necessary act of piety, that crusaders, when they got back, were somehow such ruffians and blackguards. Nor is there any reason to suppose that in real life knights were faithful to mistresses, and mistresses to knights, during long periods of absence. All the young women in the genuine mediæval stories are disposed of by their fathers, and are married as early as possible. There is a very pretty little treatise translated by Mr. Vance, which a father, known as the Chevalier de la Tour

Landry, writes for the instruction of his daughters. He cautions them against young men as wild and dangerous creatures, just as a kind father of modern days might do. He has no belief in the constancy of loyal knights errant. Undoubtedly knights did go on long expeditions, and some of them, being in love when they started, married the object of their affections when they got back. But this is no more than may be said of hundreds of the queen's sailors and soldiers every year. The general position of women in mediæval stories is not that of beings free to wait unmolested for a coming hero, but of creatures that are married out of hand when it will answer to marry them. The courtship of Sully furnishes the subject of one of Mr. Vance's extracts, and not even the most cynical of Mr. Thackeray's cynical heroes could explain more frankly how he came to marry the woman he liked second best because she could offer more, and how thoroughly he found his self-denial answer. So far as romance consists in the reticence of selfishness, the moderns may claim to be quite on a par with, and even in advance of, their mediæval ancestors.

And yet it is quite true that these romantic episodes represent something peculiarly romantic in the times to which they belong. They typify not a romantic manner of life but a romantic literature. We can never wholly discover the two. As men write and think, so in some measure they are sure to live. But the influence of literature is not so great as to render predominant in life that which happens to be predominant in literature. The literature of the Middle Ages was romantic, not because it expressed the thoughts of romantic people, but because, when the people of that day shaped their thoughts in writing, the thoughts that came most handy to them were romantic thoughts. Romance depends on a familiarity with a rapid succession of startling facts, a preponderance of feeling over reason, and a sympathy with all that shows the elevation or strength of human character in opposition to adverse circumstances. What destroys romance is the anxiety to do justice to the bad as well as the good, a calculation of remoter consequences, and an appreciation of the difficulties imposed on society by treating extraordinary events and persons as the rule of ordinary life. Criticism is, in one word, the opposite of ro-

mance. Even the few selections given by Mr. Vance are sufficient to show that there was much more criticism in the Middle Ages than we generally fancy. No criticism of the Crusades could be more cogent and effective than that offered by the knight in the dialogue to which we have referred. But there was a sufficient absence of criticism, on the whole, to make romance possible. Mr. Vance translates Brantôme's *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, which is certainly romantic enough. But its romance transparently rests on the author having no notion of evidence. He evidently holds that the fact of Mary's having succeeded as a beauty in France, and the personal attachment she inspired in her attendants, made it impossible she could have killed her husband in Scotland. We are not equally romantic now in our literature, because where evidence can come in we feel ourselves obliged to be critical, and also because we have accumulated much more experience than mediæval writers had. We are also disinclined to write romance, for the simple reason that it has been written. Ages of stirring adventure, when feeling was quick and criticism unformed, were the times for romance. They did their work, and we do not feel called on to do it over again. In fact, we could not do it with sincerity and unconsciousness. Old ballads, old chronicles, and such convenient repertoires of the antique as this volume of Mr. Vance's bring us nearer to romance than we can get by modern helps. Society is exactly as romantic and as unromantic as it ever was, but literature is less romantic because the romance of literature is a partial truth applied and stated generally, and as we know that it is only a partial truth, we could only play at thinking it a universal truth.

Purists might object to the confusion of Brantôme and the author of the Dialogue on the Crusades under the common head of mediæval writers, but Mr. Vance may easily defend himself by asking whether readers do not practically find enough that is essentially alike to keep the extracts in harmony. Nor does it seem out of place to add at the end of the volume portions of Montaigne's celebrated Essay on Death, and of his Apology for de la Sebonde. They are fine instances of a kind of rhetoric that is now quite out of date, but is still pleasant to read. Rhetoric may be compared to romance as forming a



distinguished part of literature, and yet as having only a transitory place in it. We have now lost even the meaning of the word, and take it always in an unfavorable sense. Style without thought is supposed to be an equivalent for it. On the contrary, all great rhetoricians have been men of sense and of undoubted philosophical power. Montaigne, Jeremy Taylor, Cicero, and Burke are four of the greatest of rhetoricians, and they were all eminently sensible and vigorous thinkers. It is the good strong sense of Montaigne which carries us through allusions that would otherwise be pedantic, and reflections that would otherwise be platitudes. Rhetoric is an adjunct of expression which sound thought may equally well have or not have. It costs an effort in the author to evolve it, and it costs an effort in the reader to keep his attention fixed on it, and the whole question is whether the result repays the cost. Our general answer is that it does not. In the first place, such pleasure as rhetoric gives can already be enjoyed in sufficient quantity. We have enough rhetorical writers of the first class. Rhetoric, like romance, is a thing that has been done. There may be a return of romancists and rhetoricians in future ages, for all we know; and when it becomes natural to write romance and rhetoric again, more is sure to be written. But we in this generation have as much rhetoric in print as we care to read. There are also other reasons why rhetoric is not in fashion now. We have been tormented more than enough with sham rhetoric, with vague fine writing and unmeaning grandiloquence. We, therefore, incline to something free from the suspicion of being pretentious, and like English that is plain, straightforward, and business-like. There is no reason why taste should not alter in this respect. We can fancy that even in our day rhetorical sermons might produce a great effect; but there is not much chance of their being preached; for they could only be produced by a man of sober sense and delicate taste, and such a man might hesitate to bestow on style the great labor and thought which rhetoric requires. The best thing we can do if we want rhetoric, is to read a few pages of a great rhetorical writer, and here again Mr. Vance has come to the assistance of his countrymen with about as much writ-

ing on such subjects as the certainty of death and the littleness of humanity as most people care to have.

Passages so celebrated as those in which Philippe de Commines describes the last days of Louis XI., and Brantôme gives with generous credulity the poetical version of Mary's career in Scotland, throw into the shade the humbler specimens of old French writing which Mr. Vance has collected. But some of these minor extracts have a beauty and a simple force too remarkable to be passed by without notice. There are a few stories of faithful love and delicate chivalrous passion which no reader should omit. Especially there is a very pretty account from Berville, of the meeting of Bayard with a lady who had been his first love and who had afterwards married respectably and happily. In those ages of gold a Frenchman could ascertain that an old love was still well inclined to him, and yet have no wish to disturb her domestic happiness. She and Bayard openly acknowledged that they were very pleased to meet, and Bayard gave a tournament in her honor. Of course he carried off the prize and laid it at her feet, and she and he were very happy, and so was her husband. It is impossible to convey in words the atmosphere of simple innocence and right feeling that breathes through the narrative. Scarcely inferior is the story from the *Heptaméron*, of Pauline and her lover, who renounced the world, and betook themselves to a monastic life. They were forbidden to marry and so they thought the next best thing was to tread the same path to heaven. Exactly the same feelings are often reproduced in the present day. There are plenty of English Paulines who are going peacefully and resolutely through a life of separation in that most rigid and difficult of monastic orders, the condition of contented old-maidism. But in old times the deeper feelings of the heart were expressed more readily and naturally, and we would rather read the story of Pauline, and feel how accurately it represents the thoughts and practice of her modern sisters, than invite our contemporaries to put their sacred sorrows in print, and send them to a publisher, on the understanding that if the first overflow of their emotions sell well, he is to take a second gush on more advantageous terms.

From The Spectator, 21 March.

# BRITISH NEUTRALITY.

THE whole of the correspondence respecting the gunboat *Alabama* has now been laid before Parliament, and it is not possible to deny that, at all events so far as the Board of Customs and the Collector at Liverpool are concerned, the case assumes a very ugly appearance. The evidence before them was shortly as follows: "The Messrs. Laird were building a vessel in their yard which they admitted to the Customs' Surveyor to be a war vessel; but they did not appear disposed to reply to any questions respecting the destination of the vessel after she left Liverpool. The registered captain of this vessel, was Matthew Butcher. William Passmore, a British seaman, swore that Captain Butcher engaged him to serve on board this ship, and told him that 'the vessel was going out to the Government of the Confederate States of America,' and that 'they were going to fight for the Southern Government.'" Having this evidence duly before him, the Collector of Customs at Liverpool refused to detain the vessel, and the Board of Customs, acting, it is said, under the advice of their solicitor, supported him in his decision. Who is the solicitor to the Customs? What evidence does he usually require of any disputed fact? Is there no one in the House of Commons who will endeavor to find out what Mr. Price Edwards, the Liverpool collector, would consider sufficient to justify the detention of a vessel fitted out in defiance of the law to prey on the commerce of an ally? It is true, that after a week's delay, the law officers of the crown overruled the decision of the Customs' solicitor, but very good care had been taken in the mean time that the bird should be allowed to escape, and when Mr. Price Edwards went to seize, no doubt he went with a cheerful laugh, congratulating himself on the way he had jockeyed the Yankees. Now, that this gentleman is deservedly esteemed by the Board of Customs as one of their ablest officers we know, and that his influence with them is proportionately great; but he must not be permitted to indulge his slaveholding predilections at the expense of the honor of the country. It is abundantly clear that neither he nor the Board of Customs entertain any dread whatever of "a fraudulent neutrality," and are quite willing to accept their share of the "disgrace" at-

tached to it with the same readiness with which the early Christians welcomed martyrdom. It is a very beautiful and touching sight; but the Foreign Office had better see that the evidence, in case of future *Alabamas*, goes straight to the law officers of the crown.

For it is just possible that such cases may arise. Notoriously, the Emperor of China has recently been smitten with a vast desire to increase his fleet, and why may not Mr. Jefferson Davis share, by some strange chance, the naval emotions of the Brother of the Sun and Moon? It is stated that at the present moment two war steamers of twenty-two hundred tons' burden, as well as a steam-ram, are building in the Messrs. Lairds' yard at Birkenhead for his Celestial Majesty, and that Captain Bullock, who superintended the construction of the *Alabama*, strange to say, is equally sedulous in his attention to the progress of these vessels. On the 12th July last, the captain was certainly acting under the orders of Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, for a letter distinctly proving as much has been intercepted and published by the orders of Mr. Seward; but doubtless the hope of profit or caprice has induced him to transfer his allegiance; or it may be that Lord Russell's energetic remonstrances have compelled Mr. Davis to abandon all ideas of further violating our neutrality, and Captain Bullock to look elsewhere for remunerative employment. But be this as it may, there is a good deal of such work to be had just now, for it is said that upwards of fifty steam-vessels, of various descriptions, in different stages of completeness, may be pointed out in progress for the Emperor of China, in the great shipbuilders' yards in the Mersey and the Clyde.

Now the whole question is, in what spirit does the British Government intend to act? If to all complaints the American minister gets no other reply than that the Foreign Enlistment Act "can be evaded by very subtle contrivances," but that the Government "cannot on that account go beyond the letter of the existing law," we think he may as well save the expenditure of pen and ink incurred in writing them. But what a newborn babe, what a very "chrysome child" of innocence Lord Russell must be, if he considers that Captains Bullock and Butcher resorted to very subtle contrivances to con-

ceal their purpose. And they are likely to be so much deeper now. How is a poor Collector of Customs to see through such a fog as calling Jefferson Davis the Emperor of China? The Yankees must be merciful with us; we are not so 'cute as they are.

What we want to know is this: Does the Government mean to compel its officials in the ports known for their Southern predilections to do their duty or not? Are they to be allowed again to shut their eyes to the effect of evidence,—the most conclusive possible,—until the hostile vessel is complete and able to slip to sea? Has the Liverpool collector been made to understand that he must act on evidence such as, in the case of the *Alabama*, he refused to act on? There is no amendment of the law required. The Government has ample powers, and if it really wanted to put a stop to the fitting out of vessels in our ports for the Confederates, Mr. Davis would be unable to get a fishing smack out of the Mersey.

Lord Russell, indeed, in his despatch of the 24th January, assumes that before he could detain a vessel, he must have "evidence sufficient to satisfy a court of law" as to her being a war vessel, and as to her actual destination. We altogether dispute such a conclusion. If, indeed, the vessel were actually ready to sail, it would be wise to act with the very greatest caution, for it is obvious that in such a case the pecuniary loss sustained by the owner of a ship unjustly detained would be very large. But when a vessel is still incomplete, comparatively slight evidence should be considered sufficient on which to detain her. The seizure would, in reality, be a mere order that she should not be permitted to leave the port; her equipment might go on just as if nothing had happened: and, if all were really above-board, the owner could prove his *bona fides* to the satisfaction of the collector, and get the detention removed without trouble or expense in a few hours. But where the builders, the captain, and the owner alike refuse information which it is their clear duty to give, we say advisedly that their slight evidence ought to induce the Government to act. The objection that mistakes would perpetually be made, and the Customs' officers made responsible in damages does not weigh with us one feather. Any owner would sooner avoid de-

tention by giving the required information, than refuse it without an object, and have to look to the chances of an action for redress. And we think, moreover, that a man who had invited the seizure by a mere obstinate refusal to answer the collector's questions, when there was real ground for suspicion, would neither deserve nor obtain much compensation at the hands of a jury.

It was not in this spirit that the American Government acted towards us in 1855. They seized the ship *Maury* at the request of our consul at New York, on evidence of the most inconclusive kind. A policeman and an ex-ship's carpenter deposed that the *Maury* was a vessel of war, and the same policeman and a "counsellor at law" deposed that they had heard that she was intended for the Russian Government—and this was all. In a day or two the owners produced evidence of such a sort that the consul himself was in very shame obliged to ask that the proceedings might be stopped; yet the owners have never to this day obtained the least redress. We do not ask that the Government shall imitate Mr. Attorney-General Cushing, and vindicate the queen's determination not to suffer any of the belligerent powers to trespass on our neutral rights by acting in such a fashion as this. But there is a difference between dispensing with evidence altogether, and refusing to move till there is a legal case on the depositions. For instance, the publication of Mr. Mallory's letter, which shows Captain Bullock to be a Confederate agent, is no legal evidence of that fact whatever; but can a doubt be entertained that the Government ought to act unhesitatingly on that assumption? Legal proof of the genuineness of that letter, and that Mr. Mallory is acting as Secretary to the Navy in the South, might, if necessary, be procured, and there is already abundant evidence that Captain Bullock acted as their agent in respect of the *Alabama*. We have no desire, however, to see the hands of the Government tied. Let every case be judged on its own merits. But let us do by the United States as the United States in 1855 did by us, and show that we are determined to put a stop to expeditions which are utterly at variance with even the semblance of neutrality, and which the executive by every consideration of dignity or honor is bound to defeat.

From The Spectator, 21 March.

#### THE PIVOT OF THE POLISH QUESTION.

THE Emperor of the French is making up his mind. That is the only deduction possible from the strange series of despatches, notes, reports, foreign letters, and semi-official articles which have seen the light this week. At the first blush of the Polish revolution Louis Napoleon, who, we must not forget, was once elected King of Poland, seems to have been resolved to stretch his power for the benefit of his uncle's allies. The instant the Prussian Ministry, by their ill-drawn Convention, had given foreign nations a foothold, the emperor proposed an "identical note" to be submitted to the court of Berlin. The note was to have been signed by France, Austria, and Great Britain, and was in appearance a spirited protest against the Convention, and in reality an open menace to both the newly allied powers. The Convention was declared "to exceed the rights of the Berlin Cabinet, as laid down by the law of nations," a diplomatic remark meaning *war*, unless the said law were once more respected, while the insurrection in Poland was reported to be watched with "a sorrowful interest" in France. Earl Russell declined the note, and preferred a circular from himself, calling upon the powers who signed the treaties of 1815 to protest against the violation of the treaty affecting Poland. As the Emperor of the French has "torn up those treaties with the point of his sword," and the Emperor of Austria has broken them by absorbing Cracow, *that* does not strike outsiders as a very statesman-like move. It, however, alarmed the Emperor of the French, who seems to have counted on British support, and he despatched instead a letter to the Emperor Alexander, supposed to contain a prayer for a general amnesty and a fulfilment of treaties with respect to the Duchy of Warsaw. This document was not, however, one of the many submitted to the French Senate, and its substance only has hitherto been permitted to ooze out. The answer, as might have been, and probably was, expected, was courteous towards the conqueror in the Crimean war; but left no hope for the Poles from the justice or wisdom of the czar. His majesty would do all that was just, but the treaties of 1815 had been abrogated by the revolt of 1832, and in any case the czar could make

no concessions to insurgents with arms in their hands. The Emperor of the French thus rebuffed remained for the moment indecisive, or rather, as his wont is, resolved to retain the means of retreat. Accordingly, on the 16th inst., M. Larabit, reporter for the nonce to the Senate, and as much an official as if he had been a minister without portfolio, submitted to that illustrious body a twice-deferred report. That paper has by some accident been carelessly summarized in England, and deserves, in the original, some attention. It is palpably written with two partially conflicting objects — to excite the French mind to the utmost, yet leave to the emperor the power of remaining quiescent without excessive unpopularity. There are references in it which stirred a Chamber almost as cold as the English House of Peers, and which will drive France half mad with emotion. The army is bidden officially to recall their *fraternité des champs de bataille*; the *bourgeois* are warned that the bloody strife now waging in Poland "menaces the tranquillity of Europe," while the peasants are told on authority the story of the conscription. Lord Ellenborough told it well; but he forgot the touch which, true or false, would bring it home to Catholic minds. The rule for seizing the proscripts was, says M. Larabit, to select all the young of activity, energy, or knowledge, and especially "those who had been seen to join in the public prayers for their country." One must be a French peasant, accustomed to look up to a *curé*, and to thank God that the conscription leaves every man one chance, to understand how that incident thus related will reverberate through France. If the emperor decides on action, that will be his sufficient apology; if he resolves to abstain, why then the rage arising from disappointment will be transferred from him to his much-trusted ally. The report ends without a suggestion more practical than pious confidence in the sagacity of the emperor; but "England," says M. Larabit, "is striving to push us on to a struggle in which her government will take no share." No Frenchman can bear to be catspaw, even to pull his brothers out of the fire, and the roads for advance and retreat are alike open to the sovereign of whom it has just been said, he "is the one capable ruler in Europe; but, unfortunately, capable of anything." With the same object, Prince



Napoleon, that stormy petrel of the Tuilleries, has made a distinct war speech, which, while it will make all Poles believe that France is about to march, may yet be repudiated by the emperor, and was snubbed by M. Billaud.

We cannot attempt to follow the maze of confused intrigue, upon which, according to the gossip of chancelleries, the courts are about to enter. Whether Prince Metternich has started for Vienna burdened with propositions, or has been summoned from Paris to explain his conduct, or has gone to see after his steward, must be decided by wiser heads than ours. Whether Italy has "adhered" to the emperor, or "maintained a certain reserve," must be left to the gentlemen who collect or invent diplomacy for M. Reuter. We desire only to point to a fact well known, yet much too often forgotten. Whether Europe shall strive openly for the restoration of Poland, or shall once more, sick with shame, watch a national massacre dignified with the name of the restoration of order, depends rather upon the policy of Vienna than that of Great Britain or France. It seems certain that Langiewicz, the new insurgent dictator, if he cannot defeat the Russians—and organized governments are hard to defeat—can keep the insurrection afoot till the West is ready to interfere. It seems also clear that the French Emperor, if fairly decided on action, can move without the active support of Great Britain. The *Times* laughs at the public opinion expressed in a Guildhall meeting which, on Tuesday, demanded from the czar freedom for Poland under penalty of instant rebuke. But if the czar cares nothing for English opinion, unsupported by fleets, Lord Palmerston certainly does, and an attack upon France while France was engaged in a war of liberation, is not a political incident which opinion would be apt to approve. The emotion of France, moreover—for it is emotion, and not opinion—seems on the whole, to increase, and for causes easy to detect. France is delighted to find that there is a subject on which the emperor will permit free speech, and then one likes the small boy so much better for striking the big one so hard. The emperor would have his people with him, may even be overwhelmed by their enthusiasm, and with such prizes in view,—

nothing less than security for his dynasty, and a truce with his clerical foes,—he will be sorely tempted to try for the second time the great Italian game. Only, even with France enthusiastic, and Great Britain assenting, he must still win the game. Bonapartes cannot afford defeat, even in wars of liberation, and so far as soldiers can see, defeat or victory will be at the disposal of the Cabinet of Vienna. Even the military power of France, immense as it is, might be overweighed if tried against three military monarchies at once, all fighting, as it were, within bowshot of their own frontiers. France might get a slice of the Rhine; but Poland would be eaten meanwhile, and though Frenchmen are not moral in conquest, treachery of that kind is not one of the foibles they are quite disposed to condone. On the other hand, if Austria chooses actively to support France, the game is won from the beginning, for Prussia cannot move, and the Poles, who need only muskets, gold, and artillery, would receive them all in profusion. With fifty thousand Frenchmen in Courland, the Poles well armed, and Galicia serving at once for fortress and for dépôt, the Russian court would not have a hope, save in an early peace. With the Poles threatened on the south, Galicia an impassable wall, and arms only procurable by stealth, Russia might exterminate Poland before France could arrive to her aid. England, too, though her statesmen are sorely unwilling to move, might act in concert with Austria, for their interests in respect to the Rhine are absolutely identical, and it is fear for the Rhine which is checking the sympathy that both houses of Parliament have from the first shown themselves willing to express. The decision lies in Vienna, not Paris, and there are not ten men in Europe who can affirm that they know under what influences the kaiser will act. He may distrust the Bonapartes,—but then the priests wish Poland free; he may fear for Galicia,—but then France, and France alone, could guarantee compensations. We only desire to point out that the peace of Europe and the fate of a noble race are again at the mercy of a government which it was, two years ago, the fashion to consider extinct.

From The Spectator.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, KING OF POLAND.

THERE is a curious episode in the early life of the present Emperor of the French, little known in this country, which throws a flood of light upon his character, and strangely connects him with the history of modern Poland. Having fought in the revolt of the Carbonari, fled, under the guidance of his mother and with the help of an English passport, through France into Great Britain and back again to Switzerland, Louis Napoleon arrived at Arenenberg at the beginning of August, 1831. He had not been many days at the quiet chateau, and was just beginning to settle down to his military studies, when he was interrupted by the arrival of two foreign gentlemen, who announced themselves as deputies of the National Government, of Poland. Their cards bore the names of General Kniazewicz and Count Platen, and they stated themselves authorized to offer to Louis Napoleon the crown of Poland, under condition that he would join immediately the insurrectionary forces, taking the command-in-chief and superseding General Skrzynecki. As proof of their mandate they handed to the prince a long letter, signed by the Marshal of the Polish Diet, Count Ladislas Ostrowski, and several of the leading members, the concluding paragraph of which was as follows: "We cannot trust the final direction of our enterprise into better hands than those of the nephew of the greatest captain who ever lived. The mere appearance on the territory of Poland of a young Napoleon Bonaparte, carrying aloft the imperial tricolor, would be sufficient to raise the national enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and produce a moral effect the consequence of which would be incalculable. Do not hesitate, then, we entreat you, to follow the call of a whole people; but come to us at once, confiding the fortunes of Caesar, and, what is more, the fate of liberty to a gracious Providence. The love and gratitude of the Polish nation, and the admiration of the universe, await you, prince."

The reading of this manifesto made a profound impression upon Louis Napoleon. With his Italian dream of glory fresh upon his mind, the prospect of a crown, of power and fame, wildly excited his imagination, making him ready to follow on the instant the messengers from Poland. But his mother at once checked these exuberant aspirations. Having but a few months before seen her eld-

est son die in the struggle of the Carbonari, ex-Queen Hortense had lost all faith in revolutions and insurrections, and looked upon the deputies from Warsaw as birds of ill-omen, come to entice her only remaining child into perdition. She opposed their errand by all the means in her power, not forgetting to cast doubt upon their ambassadorial character. Pressed hard, the two noble messengers confessed that they had nothing more to show for their authority than the letter of Count Ladislas Ostrowski, the Marshal of the Polish Diet; but they appealed at the same time to the secrecy of their mission and the danger of carrying written documents with them through the territory of the enemies of Poland. Louis Napoleon demanded nothing better than to be persuaded, and overruling all the objections of his mother, forthwith entered into negotiations with Count Platen and General Kniazewicz. The latter found it easy to show the feasibility of the re-establishment of the Polish throne, and the foundation of the secure independence of their country. Already, they argued, the insurrection had lasted nine months, during which time two Russian armies had vainly attempted the re-conquest of the country; and if the state of affairs was less prosperous in August, 1831, than in November, 1830, it was, they said, solely owing to internal dissensions and party disputes. These, the envoys made sure, would be at once quelled by the arrival of a powerful commander, independent of all parties; and the whole of Poland would take arms like one man at the news that a Napoleon had arisen to lead the nation against the hated Muscovite. There was undoubtedly some truth in these representations, together with a fair share of revolutionary exaltation; and Louis Napoleon's heart bounded at the idea of the glory of his "name," in the future of which his whole soul was wrapped. He promised the ambassadors that on gaining the consent of his mother he would follow them forthwith to Warsaw. Queen Hortense was appealed to once more by her son, but remained inexorable. All the arguments brought forward fell dead upon her ear, and seeing that Count Platen and his colleague were gaining an immense ascendancy over her son, she at last sternly forbade them further stay within the chateau. The Polish noblemen thereupon quitted Arenenberg; but only to take up their quarters at the neighboring town of Frauenfelden, the capital of the canton of Thurgovia. Here they had daily interviews with the prince, which ended in the latter promising that he would go to Poland, even without the consent of his mother. All the necessary preparations were made in the greatest secrecy, and when the Duchess of St. Leu entered the room of her son on the morning

of Sunday, the 4th of September, she was horror-struck on finding that he had left her—gone, as expressed in a note, “*à la recherche d’une couronne.*”

The chateau of Arenenberg at that time counted among its inmates a very notable personage, an old friend of Hortense Beauharnais, Dr. Henry Conneau. The doctor, born at Milan in 1803, the son of an *employé* in the French civil service and of an Italian lady, had connected himself in early life with the Bonaparte family, having become the private secretary of the ex-King of Holland, during his sojourn at Florence in 1823–26. Devoted previously and subsequently to the study of medicine, he passed his examination after leaving Louis Bonaparte, and then settled down as physician at Rome. In the Carbonari insurrection during the spring of 1831 he took a secret part, by correspondence and otherwise, which being betrayed, brought the Papal police into his house. He fled in time to Marseilles, and while staying there received the fair consort of ex-King Louis Bonaparte, who was flying with her only son from the Italian battle-field where she had just buried her eldest born. The son she had saved, Louis Napoleon, was suffering from intermittent fever, and Hortense, in motherly anxiety, addressed herself to Dr. Conneau, imploring him to save her remaining child’s life, and to attach himself perpetually to the family. The doctor promised all that was asked, and from that moment to the present became the inseparable companion of Louis Napoleon. On discovering the flight of her son on the morning of the 4th of September, Hortense immediately sought Dr. Conneau, bidding him to follow in the traces of the lost one. It appeared easy to guess the route which the fugitive had taken, and a few hours after the trusty friend was on horseback on the road to Constance. He arrived at the city on the afternoon of the same day, but found no trace of the prince or his Polish companions. The ferry across the lake had taken no such passengers, and no persons of that description had been seen at any of the gates of the ancient town. Confused and perplexed, the doctor spurred his horse further on the road along the lake, thinking the adventurers might have gone south-east, towards the canton of St. Gall, intending to take passage from Romanshorn or Rorschach. But there, too, the fugitives had not shown themselves, and it became clear then that the prince had not gone in this direction at all, but had taken the westerly road from Arenenberg across the Rhine *via* Schaffhausen. To this city now Dr. Conneau hurried in all haste, and on arriving heard that Louis Napoleon indeed had been there before him, more than forty-eight hours in advance. The road

henceforth was clear; but the time lost was precious. Without allowing himself any rest, the doctor hastened onward through Würtemberg, past Stockach and Moskirch, towards Ulm. Here he found himself suddenly and unexpectedly stopped.

All Germany was trembling at that time in fear of the Asiatic cholera, approaching in rapid stages through Hungary and Bohemia, and the good citizens of Ulm, as of many other towns, had formed a sanitary coast-guard around their boundary, to keep off the infectious disease. No entrance nor exit was allowed without a certificate of health, duly signed and attested, and the doctor, having unfortunately found his way into the city unseen, in the dead of the night, discovered that he had got into a rat-trap. Brought up next morning as a criminal before the severe burgomaster, to give an account of his person and of his unwarrantable and utterly un-Germanic mode of hurrying along the road, Dr. Conneau was near giving himself up for lost, when at the nick of time a happy thought passed through his head. Questioned whether he had any disease, he muttered, “Yes, the *cholera morbus.*” Whereupon, in an instant, everybody within earshot fled from the scene; burgomaster, turnkeys, soldiers, and policemen hurrying away in a wild scramble. Marching behind, he found the coast perfectly clear, the panic having seized the very passengers in the street, and the sentinels at the gates of the city. The doctor now felt himself again a free man; but at the same time a very poor man, with not a penny in his pocket, his purse and horse, and even hat and overcoat, having been left in charge of the watchful, cholera-fearing men of Ulm. However, he pushed on on foot to Augsburg and hastened up at once to the palace of the bishop to inquire of the whereabouts of his lost friend. But the magnificent porter in the episcopal hall, standing upon etiquette, would not let him pass, deeming a man without a hat a person unfit to be seen by a bishop. In a mood almost despairing, Dr. Conneau retraced his steps, and attracted by the sound of French voices, entered the ancient hostelry of the “Three Moors.” The first person who met his eyes was Prince Louis Napoleon, sitting at a table and reading a German newspaper. In large letters, on the top of the first paragraph, was a despatch from Poland, announcing, “Order reigns at Warsaw.” His Excellency Field-marshal Prince Paskevitch had forestalled His Imperial Highness Prince Louis Napoleon.

Three days after Louis Napoleon was again at Arenenberg, and at the end of a fortnight entered himself as student at the military school of Thun, his mind devoted to artillery—still dreamily engaged “*à la recherche d’une couronne.*”

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### THE CHINESE PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

THE mystery is out at last. It was always a puzzle to all men who comprehended the East why the Chinese Government, with its traditions of isolation, its timidity, and its pride, should have so suddenly sought to give itself masters in the shape of a Sepoy army commanded by Europeans. Asiatics are not often so unsuspicious, nor are Chinese the most confiding of Asiatics. The blue-book on China just published, however—a mass of official *detritus* worth exactly nothing, but serving very well to conceal a political nugget or two—explains very satisfactorily, or unsatisfactorily, this departure from Chinese precedent. Prince Kung never demanded British drill-masters, did not suggest them, and, so far as we can gather from a very cautious statement of his opinions, did not desire them at all. They were forced on him by Mr. Bruce, who seems, in his unyielding, unsympathetic Scotch way, to have gained much the same position at Peking as Mr. Kinglake describes the “great Elchee” to have assumed in Constantinople. The development of the scheme was in this wise. Mr. Bruce, in the general interests of civilization and the special interests of the China trade, undertook to protect the Treaty Ports, and, apparently, to clear the neighborhood of Shanghai of insurgent Taepings, provided the Chinese garrison would assist. That was promised, of course, the Chinese unfeignedly approving the conduct of foreign barbarians in fighting their battles without reward. If the Englishmen won, the Taepings would be defeated, the revenue guaranteed, and an unpleasant duty very cheaply performed. If, on the other hand, the Taepings won, the emperor would lose nothing except the aid of some foreigners, whom the Flowery Land could spare with little sadness or dissatisfaction. The promise was honestly given, and the promised “braves” appeared, but unluckily the moment the English departed they followed the English example. Kading, for example, was taken by Englishmen, handed over to the Imperialists, and filled with a garrison of braves, who immediately ran away, leaving the Taepings to return and decapitate all the loyal. The Taeping tide receded before the pumps, but always over-mastered the permanent dyke. Mr. Bruce grew tired of his endless labor, and in an interview with Prince Kung, held on May 7th, 1862, he

told him pretty bluntly—the unlucky prince, in a subsequent letter, calls him “plain-spoken but friendly,”—that his braves were a horde of ruffians who only insulted the allies. The “prince fully admitted their indiscipline,” but hoped to organize a new force, whereupon Mr. Bruce suggested his preconceived plan. He told Prince Kung that Chinese *could* fight if disciplined after the English fashion, that he must have a new artillery, and that he had better appoint Captain Cane to be its director at once. Her majesty’s Government would lend that officer, and find drill-instructors besides. “I urged,” says the ambassador, “with all possible earnestness, the necessity of acting without loss of time,” and finally told him that if the British Government was to defend the Treaty Ports “this was a *sine quâ non*.” “The prince approved,” of course;—what does any Asiatic ever do when a strong-headed European has him once in his mental grasp?—Captain Cane was appointed, and the levy of a Sepoy army commenced. The design was none of Prince Kung’s, though approved, we are bound to add, by the Governor-General of Central China, and the “earnestness” mentioned seems to indicate a resistance which Mr. Bruce had to overcome by a strong mental squeeze. The prince is, in fact, at once jealous of his authority, and very averse to quarrel with Europeans, who, as these despatches show, when building sites are refused at half-price, land marines, pull down the Chinese houses, and so clear the ground by a process which, say in Southampton or St. Malo, might possibly be thought slightly summary. We have in France exactly the same right of acquiring land which we have secured in China; but then in France one asks usually the owner’s consent to the sale. However, oppression is the lot of mankind, and one cannot live in the air, and there are other truisms familiar to the Anglo-Saxon adventurer, and very effective when there are Armstrongs in port; so we may let that pass. At all events, Prince Kung fears the British, and a few months later displayed this fear in a very comical fashion. “General” Burgavine, Sepoy officer, found his men’s pay a little delayed, and considering regularity the very soul of discipline, he took it by force from the Treasury. Prince Kung could not endure an act which, as he clearly perceived, struck at the foundation of the civil authority. He applied to Mr. Bruce, and on that



gentleman declining to interfere, hit on an expedient really amusing in its ingenious cowardice. He gazetted the general as dismissed; but did not inform him of his dismissal, and continued his pay and allowances, thus maintaining his authority in the eyes of his people without offending his own subordinate. Imagine his authority when thirty thousand men are commanded by thirty General Burgervines, quite capable of coalescing, and not incapable, when provoked, of marching upon Peking, and declaring a regency specially empowered to pay the foreigners with due punctuality.

We have not, as at present informed, many arguments to produce against Mr. Bruce's advice. It may, for aught we know, be necessary to put down the Taepings, and impossible to effect that object without Chinese trained under English officers. It may be much the best for Prince Kung to create a force which he cannot rule, and for us to commence a scheme which, whether our intentions are simple or subtle, will place China at the disposal of the protecting power. But we do object, after this, to be told that the British Government is not responsible for the new policy, that it is a local affair altogether, and that Parliament has no claim to be consulted on Chinese local affairs. They are not local affairs. The acts described in these despatches form the commencement of a new and most intricate foreign policy suggested by a British ambassador, approved by a British Secretary of State, and to be carried out by British officers. It is a policy which will totally change our position in Eastern Asia, which may end in the acquisition of a second India, and which, if it stops short of that extreme result, will impose on us for years the obligations of the ultimate, and, therefore, paramount power among a third of the human race. As it is, the Russians in China explain their negotiations with the native court to our minister as carefully as they would explain at Calcutta negotiations with the Nizam.

Earl Russell seems on the receipt of these despatches to have been struck, not with the responsibility assumed,—for was he not Lord John Russell?—but with the difficulty of explaining that responsibility in the Peers. He accordingly, after reflection for about three months, hit upon a very noteworthy plan. He sanctioned the loan of her majesty's officers for drill-instructors, and requested

Sir Cornewall Lewis to continue their rank and allowances. But he objected to their ever turning their knowledge to practical use, and inserted in his note to the War Office these remarkable words: "Provided that such officer and men do not act in the field with the officers they are engaged in instructing." There is a difference you perceive, between Fagin and Sykes. These officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, if they are of any use at all, are useful to turn Chinese into efficient soldiers. But having turned them, they are not to command them, because that would appear immoral. The Imperialist army, indeed, it would almost seem, invested by tuition with irresistible strength, is to be turned loose on the population unrestrained by the officers whose civilized teaching has made the uncivilized so powerful. A greater crime could hardly be committed; but fortunately the order is only a sort of *amende honorable* offered to Providence and the House of Commons for slaying people who have no quarrel with us. All districts within thirty miles of a treaty port are exempted from this restriction, and "it will not apply" to any officers who quit the British service for that of the Chinese Government! The practical working of the order will, therefore, be somewhat in this wise, John Smith, of her majesty's 10th, resigns, accepts Chinese employ, and collects fifteen hundred braves. He borrows a dozen drill-masters, changes his horde into a regiment irresistible to Taepings, then offers to one of the "lent" officers an ensigncy, to another an adjutaney, to the third the second command, and finds himself in three months chief of a perfectly equipped irregular regiment, the superiors of any troops in Asia, except the Sikhs, and with natives in his own ranks who will make very good drill-masters. How irresistible such a force may become we may gather from a letter of Vice-Consul Markham, who relates how in November Colonel Burgvine, with only fifteen hundred disciplined Chinese, fell on a large force of rebels, inflicted "immense loss," killed an extraordinary number of chiefs and, in fact, so defeated the enemy "*that ten thousand only are said to have got away.*" What must have been the extent of that force of which *only* ten thousand escaped, and what the disparity of power between disciplined and undisciplined Chinese, when the defeated and worthless residuum is seven times the conquering army? Regiments thus powerful are to be created in dozens, to be commanded by British officers, acting under a notification in the *Gazette*, and to be drilled by British sergeants, and then the British Government which has thus given fire-arms to children, "*wipeth its mouth and saith, Lo! I have done no wickedness!*"